

# CAVALCADE

1/6

APRIL, 1953



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**I Hate You One And All! — page 4**

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# Cavalcade

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VOL. 17, No. 3

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JOHN T. LYNCH

## I hate you ONE AND ALL

The barrett said the world would be a better place with fewer people in it. Then citizens began to disappear with sinister regularity.

W has own quiet, solitary manner. Jernal Grange collected a considerable fortune in the gold rush at Pike's Peak, Colorado, in 1893. He also acquired a deep hatred of the human race.

In search of a sparsely populated, remote spot in which to settle down alone, and have as little trouble as possible with his fellow men, Grange made his way up through the narrow granite gorges in the heart of the Two Horns, in New Mexico, until he

came to the tiny settlement called Serrucho's Hollow.

He needed, happily, as he gazed upon the few respectable saloons, shacks and one general store that made up the mining town. He also smiled when he noted that the place had only one other narrow trail, also through narrow gorges, leading away from it. One way in—one way out. And you'd meet very few travelers, one way or another.

Jernal grinned in disgust as he

glanced from his guest home in front of the general store. If it wasn't for the fact that a man had to buy tobacco, whiskey, and food from other men, a person could live forever without even speaking. Jernal shrugged and went into the store.

"Take meat other people," announced Jernal, "you'd do any damn thing for a little gold. Well, all I want you to do is kind of be my agent. Each month I'll give you fifty dollars for your trouble. All you got to do is tell me where I can find a shack—away from others—and deliver me grub a couple of times a week. Also, once a month, a money draft will come to me from a bank in Denver. That's where I put my gold deposited—and I got an arrangement that they send me a regular amount—just enough to get by on—from now on until I die.

"When the money draft comes, you cash it, take out the fifty I am paying you, and also for the grub I buy. That's all there is to it. And, mainly, I don't want no palaver with you nor with anybody else. I just want' be all by myself. I'll leave you alone, if I ain't at my shack when you deliver the stuff, if I want anything extra. If I ain't there, don't look me up. And if I see, don't even speak to me. They ain't no more to say. Agreed?"

Storekeeper Braden agreed with alacrity. An extra fifty dollars per month for doing practically nothing. Within a few hours Jernal Grange was ensconced in a ramshackle, shabby cabin, about two miles up the single trail that led to the moon town, Smoky Bar, sixty miles distant. No desert was this region, but only two other cabins were on the same trail between Jernal's new place and the town of Serrucho's Hollow. Sweet Kelly, outside saloon-keeper, lived in the first one

and, as Jernal was glad to learn, Post Braden himself owned the next one, three miles from Grange's place. Jernal's cabin was the last one out from town.

For three months Jernal Grange lived as he wished. He had finally succeeded in arranging things so he would have as little contact as possible with mankind as general. Post Braden was keeping up his end of the bargain with dependable regularity. Each Wednesday he would deliver enough grub, tobacco and whiskey to keep Jernal well supplied until the following week.

Slowly, but surely, then, a dark pall of fear and horror descended upon the little town of Serrucho's Hollow. Men began to disappear, one by one.

Fully fourteen men—including several of Serrucho's Hollow's best and most respected businessmen—simply disappeared within the short period of two months. The fear-ridden folk of the town organized searching parties, informal armed detachments, and started a policing system. Still, every now and then a lone man would seem to be swallowed up by horrible, unseen forces.

From the first, to be sure, the human-being factor, Jernal Grange, was under suspicion. Supposedly unknown to Grange, a round the shack watch was set upon him. Two men, about the mile distance of light, hid, one crows and one, sped upon him as he hunted, fished, and bartering did a bit of prospecting.

It was duly noted when he went into, and left, his cabin. But not one thing could be brought forth as evidence that the strange hermit, Grange, was the cause of the mysterious disappearances. Yet, men continued to vanish.

In Post Braden's general store, one cloudy morning, a lashed group was seated around the stove. As though

about to hear their own voices, they whispered about the latest canine news—Leon Mayberry, the mayor.

Deeply wrapped in their own dog-sense thoughts, the group was startled suddenly. Jernard Grange had made his way into the store, and stood before them. He nudged out Post Brodson. Puncting a long, bony finger at him, Jernard said, "You're getting paid to help me keep peace by myself! How come you stand for me being tried and sped on? I been puttin' up with it for a long time—but it's got to stop. Anyways, what's the idea?"

Post blurted out: "Men have been gettin' swallowed up in this see-Valuable! They leave to rent me other towns, maybe, or just money up the trail toward Sandy Bar—the trail that passes over shack. They don't come back!"

"What's that to me?" asked Grange. "This world could do without a half of a lot of men. None of 'em, in-chance! me, is my good!" He leaned down and petted a spunky, one-eyed yellow dog that had followed him into the store. "This here dog, what I found, alone, out on the trail, though, he's different! I'd hate to see him disappear. But men, huh?"

"That's just why we put watches on you, Grange! I told everybody how you hate humans. You probably enjoy killin' 'em. We thank you're responsible!"

Carl Lutting, the town blacksmith and part-time judge of the nearest court, butted in. "Now, wait a minute, Post," he said. "I know Grange, you are under suspicion. But—me is completely clear now! It just happens, though, that their watchmen men didn't turn up watch! until you'd been in these dog's for a time. An', you weren't to be a hazard!"

Jernard Grange cut in. "So, these was harmless thought they was chis-

elins, huh? Spyd' on me. Well, I wouldn't kill nobody. Humans bein' ain't worth even killin'. But—I want to be left alone. I ain't to do none dangerous! myself. I ain't to sleep this up—for only one reason. I want peace and privacy."

It was a full week before Jernard Grange appeared in town again. Followed by the one-eyed hound, he made his way directly to Carl Lutting's blacksmith shop. Jernard Grange brought forth a groovy old floor sack. Dumping the contents on a work table, he grunted, "I hope you ain't got a squeamish belly."

Carl Lutting snored, speechless and horrified, at the scattered feet, legs, arms—and one bearded head—of former human beings.

"What—where . . ." gapped the blacksmith.

"I and I was paid to do some detection! I did it. Except the dog, here, is the real detection. He dug up th' first leg. That one with th' torn lace on it. Yes, he—"

"Where—tell me where this man come from. And how—"

"You see—I did some figgerin'. As I heard it, all the men what disappeared were headed out the trail toward Sandy Bar. Only three shacks out on that trail. First, across town, or that where man's place, Sweet Kelly. I think they call him. Next corner Post Brodson's shack. Then, further from town, is mine. Now—I know the men what vanished man've done it before they ever got near my shack. That meant, maybe, that they got watched at either of the other ones. First I went down to Kelly's place. I snooped around some. Well, uh—I didn't find nothing!"

Jernard stopped for a few breaths, then continued: "That dog dug—he started men's around in that yard of Post's. He starts to howl and yell.

All the time he is pawin' at something in the ground. I put all my bones to see what the rumper is. When I got there, this dog has dug out there leg out of a shallow hole. Then, of course, I know. Mink's sure that Post wasn't around, I put me a shovel from his shack and started diggin' every place the dog pawed and howled. There is what I dug up—right in Post Brodson's front yard. Had to tell what he's got buried in the back."

Carl Lutting found his voice. In a short time the entire town knew the mystery of the missing men had been solved. A detail was appointed to take the now swelling Post Brodson in the jail, while a larger group went out to the shack to dig up more evidence.

They found it in vast quantity. Scattered around, under the dirt floor

of the shack, around the sides and in back of the place, pieces of former citizens were uncovered, in varying states of decay. The coroner estimated that at least twenty men had donated parts of those useless selves to the gruesome collection.

A few days later, at the big oak branchin' tree, at the edge of Brodson's Halfway, Jernard Grange stood at an exact distance and watched the folk bury Post Brodson.

Brodson died on that June morning of ill refusing to the but to give a reason why he had killed so many of his fellow townsmen. But to Jernard Grange it was perfectly clear.

"I thought I was the world's champion human huntin' being," Grange confided to Carl Lutting, as they watched the body away in the breeze. "But I guess I wasn't. He sure've hated 'em a darn sight more'n I do."



# the DANGER of ORANGE JUICE



Science now believes that orange juice aggravates peptic ulcers, damages teeth, and possibly adversely affects sexual powers.

ONE of the world's most distinguished medical publications, the "British Medical Journal" (May, 1935), recently carried an article that should throw a major scare into millions of persons who are convinced that orange juice is a miracle health-producer and harmless to the system as well, regardless of the content ingested.

This article explained the case of an American babe who, after a long

ride in a freight car, arrived in an orange-producing area and proceeded to stuff himself on the delicious juice of two dozen large oranges.

Promptly he fell sick. Stunned in a hospital, he was operated on. Two days later, however, he died, just as inevitably as though he had taken a lethal dose of arsenic.

The primary cause of his death was an intestinal obstruction, caused by the fibrous materials in the orange

juice, according to Dr. Neil Warr-McQuaid.

In North Carolina, Drs. John D. Tingley and David Cayer set out to see what effect citrus fruit juices had on patients suffering from peptic ulcers. As their subjects, they selected 52 ulceroic patients at the North Carolina Baptist Hospital.

In 18 of these patients, the ulcers were active. Fourteen had ulcers in early stages of development, and in the remainder 18 the ulcers were currently inactive.

When orange juice was administered to these patients, the following results were noted. In the patients with active ulcers, the discomfort, pain and burning sensation was increased. In the patients afflicted with new or incipient ulcers, an increase of gastric acidity was noted.

Citrus fruit juices "aggravate the symptoms of peptic ulcers," the doctors concluded in a report published in the North Carolina Medical Journal (November, 1935).

At famed Mayo Clinic, Drs. Edward S. Snodgrass and S. A. Laverstedt set out to determine the harmful effects—of out-of-season juice and other acid substances on the teeth.

Fifty patients who had developed the habit of drinking a glass of lemon juice and water upon arising in the morning were chosen for this experiment.

The teeth of all these patients were examined carefully. It was found that, in every case, the calcium of the tooth enamel "was eroding due to the corrosive effect of the excessive acid in the lemon juice. Some of the patients had lost most of their front teeth, while others had large cavities in the front teeth. . . ."

For five days Dr. Corey D. Miller fed one group of rats grapefruit or some other citrus fruit, giving another group the juice of the fruit only. On

the sixth day, the rats were killed and their teeth and jaws checked.

"In all cases," Dr. Miller reported in the "Journal of Nutrition" (May, 1935), "the juices produced greater noticeable damage than the corresponding fruit, supporting the conclusion that acid fruits have slighter corrosive effects as compared to the considerable effect of juices made from them. . . ."

Large amounts of citric acid in the system may upset the sodium balance of the entire body, according to Dr. Egon V. Ulmann in his book "Diet in Stomach Infections and Colds." Not enough calcium will be retained in the system to serve as a "natural" protection against indigestions of these types.

Dr. Ulmann goes on to recommend a reduction in consumption of citrus-fruit juices by persons suspected of having a sodium deficiency. "The problem is different when quick action against sodium is needed," he also points out. "One citrus-fruit juice actually counteracted acidity in the system, though they are high in acids themselves."

The citrus fruits contain about ten per cent sugar. Naturally, the concentration of sugar is higher in the juice than in the whole fruit, which also includes the pulp. Emphasizing this fact is "the best kind of sugar, it is true," Dr. Melvin E. Page of the Hecubental Research Foundation of St. Petersburg, Florida, nevertheless goes on to warn that "just as soon then it can be used to excess."

"When this is done," Dr. Page continues, "it puts undue strain on the mechanism of the body, which maintains the strict sugar level of the blood."

Too much concentrated juice can make the blood more alkaline than it should be, Dr. Page warns. After consuming thousands of blood speci-

I love the modern artist  
With all my heart and soul—  
I can enthuse about him  
Almost without control.  
I think he's useful when alive,  
When dead he should be  
coined,  
Because things cannot be as  
bad  
As by his hand they're  
painted.

—MacKREB

ment, he has found excessive alcoholism to be a great many instances.

We have become alarmed with the various of citrus-fruit juices and blamed to their detrimental effects when taken in excessive quantities because we have come to associate them closely with Vitamin C. Vitamin C is, of course, essential to body-building and health if taken in proper quantities and proper concentrations.

For example, Vitamin C develops the bones and teeth, promotes growth, helps build healthy blood vessels and body cells, improves the "tone" of the tissues, and prevents scurvy. Lack of Vitamin C in adequate amounts causes bleeding of the small blood vessels, weakness of the bones and cartilage, dental decay, heart ailments, weakness of the general degeneration of health, and deterioration of the sexual system.

It is more than ironic that Vitamin C is itself frequently referred to by an odd designation—ascorbic acid.

Most authorities point out, how-

ever, that Vitamin C is contained in a great many fruits and vegetables which do not produce the harmful effects of citric acid in excessive quantity and concentration. Tomatoes and citrus juice, for example, are far less damaging to the teeth enamel than oranges, grapefruit, lemon and pineapple juice. Broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower and parsley contain three times as much Vitamin C as any of the citrus fruits, while spinach, cantaloupe and papaya contain just as much. Green asparagus, corn, cucumber, brown peppers, strawberries and currants are all heavily laden with Vitamin C.

Dr. Page points out that when a man drinks fruit juice, he is guided by the thirst centre and not the hunger centre of the brain in determining when he's had enough. "The thirst centre of the brain was made to work only on water," Dr. Page writes. "When we drink juice we will drink until there is satisfied not until hunger is satisfied. In this way we are apt to get more at a time than we should get."

"If we eat the fruit we are not apt to get an excess of this type of food. An orange or two will do us. But when drinking the juice, we may take the contents of a dozen oranges to satisfy our thirst."

Therefore, some authorities recommend when getting your Vitamin C from citrus fruits, eat the fruits in preference to drinking the juice. If the juice is drunk, it should be consumed sparingly and with caution, preferably not on an empty stomach.

Physicians point out that it is necessary to consume from one to three oranges a day in order to obtain enough Vitamin C to prevent scurvy and maintain good health. But the high proportion of sugar, citric acid, and esters in citrus fruits makes

the consumption of more than one orange a day undesirable.

Therefore, cutting down on citrus fruits and especially their juices and the substitution of more of the other fruits and vegetables that contain Vitamin C but not so much of the harmful sugar and acids is widely recommended.

There is some evidence that citrus fruits mixed with the use of chemical fertilizers have less Vitamin C and more citric acid than those raised by the "organic method," using natural fertilizers. Amazingly, widespread survey was recently reported in Leon County, Florida, and even in Tallahassee, capital of that citrus-producing state. And in California, reviewed for its citrus fruits, 45 per cent. of the orchards drawn were recently found to be getting inadequate amounts of Vitamin C in their diet.

This is by no means a recommendation to abolish citrus fruits and their juices from the diet. It is only suggested that there can be obtained when they are now consumed to excess, and some of the needed Vitamin C obtained from other sources.

If you will do this, remove whatever you believe, the condition of your mouth, teeth, throat and lungs will improve, you will be less prone to gastric disturbances of various sorts, and your body will have less difficulty in maintaining the proper acid-alkaline balance necessary for maximum health and vigor.

Remember that many "hot" foodists who drink gallons of citrus-fruit juice each year fail to attain the perfect health they seek. The recent findings given in this article point to one of the major reasons why.

## KNOW PEOPLE BY THEIR Driving



# when a landowner REVOLTS

LEO KELLY



Robert Kett led a strange revolt which was bloodless — until the authorities used force.

A MOB of starving peasants armed with poles broke into a paddock near Norwich one summer day in 1495 and violently proceeded to flatten the hedges. "Before you get any about the common lands from us, we will pull down every enclosure in the county," they yelled to the stout red-faced landowner as he approached.

To their amazement the landowner smiled. "I'm with you, lads, let me give you a hand," and he set to and

helped ease his own fences.

"Right," he cried when they had finished. "Now let's move on to the other enclosures." The peasants cheered and, shouldering their poles, the motley throng set off with the smiling thick-set man as leader.

Thus began Robert Kett's Rebellion — one of the strangest revolts in British history. Commencing as a harmless but bloodless demonstration by an impoverished populace, it devel-

oped into a full-scale uprising, which was later drowned in blood by the peace-stricken authorities employing Italian and German mercenaries.

Robert Kett himself met a gruesome death at the hands of the public executioner. Nevertheless, the revolt, which was carried out under the banner of the rising merchant class, dealt a serious blow at English feudalism.

Henry VIII had died only two years before, and "Marble England," as it was quipped, had died with him. The country passed on a rule of economic wars designed by the incompetent Duke of Somerset, who as Lord Protector of the Realm, governed on behalf of Henry's sitting 11-year-old son, Edward VI.

Food was short and people starved. The landed nobility, excited by the high price of wool abroad, withheld from wool production to sheep raising, throwing thousands of laborers out of work.

Greedy for additional pastures, and with the tacit consent of the Government, they reconquered feebly reclaiming the common lands used from time immemorial by the peasants for grazing and cultivation. The vulgar display of their new-found wealth before a starving populace sharpened antipathies.

The price of wheat soared and bread became too dear for most people. Blackbatches turned Somersetshire appeared on the building industry and riots raged. Henry's beloved cottage, which contained more food than silver, started to pay off with inflation, and unemployment in the towns. When the Government grabbed the insurance funds belonging to the powerful working men's guilds, it was the last straw.

A mass riot took place and the outraged peasants and artisans burst out of the townships to vent their wrath

upon newly enclosed common lands nearby.

The revolt spread. Within a week, the peasantry throughout Norfolk was swarming over the countryside, cutting down park palings, driving off deer, filling ditches and leveling hanks and hedges.

Kett, who had been joined by his brother William, set up a camp of hard hats roading with benches at Mousehold Hill, a site dominating Norwich. Some more than 30,000 men had flocked to his banner.

Appointing themselves as friends and deputies of the boy King, the rebels at first confined themselves to leveling enclosures and arresting members of the local gentry.

Charged with robbing the poor, the gentry were tried by Kett under the Oak of Misgovernment, near the camp. Judgments were not harsh. Those found guilty were imprisoned in the camp.

Food was locally requisitioned from country houses.

Other rewards, poles, lances and bows were also acquired in the name of the people.

The Duke of Somerset was not greatly worried when informed of the revolt. He felt some sympathy for the rebels and had various plans to coincide the two goals of bad money and enclosures. Hoping to come to some understanding, he sent a herald who, accompanied by the Mayor of Norwich, visited Mousehold Hill.

The herald bade the men in the King's name to depart to their homes, promising without exception a free pardon to all concerned.

Unexpectantly Kett charged to the word "pardon." The men were not offenders but good servants of the Crown, he claimed.

The herald replied that he was a traitor and proceeded to arrest him. The rebels thought they were be-

troops and in the resulting notice the Mayor and the Council retreated to Norwich and closed the gates.

This was taken at once as a declaration of war. A strike night's service for the insurgents and the next morning Norwich was besieged.

Although repeatedly thrown back by the townsmen, the rebels finally stormed their way over a weak spot in the walls and the town was taken.

The Government was now thoroughly aroused. A strong body of rangers, supplemented by Italian mercenaries, was sent at once to Norwich under the command of Lord Northampton.

Northampton took command of the town and the gates were again closed. The next morning the fighting recommenced, the Italians being first engaged. An Italian officer was captured and carried up to Mansfield where he was stopped and hanged.

The insurgents brought their cannon close to the walls and attempted a night assault. They failed, but fought so resolutely that Northampton renewed an offer of a free pardon all round. It was promptly rejected.

The next day the rebels stormed the walls and forced their way into Norwich a second time. Sheffield was killed and Corwell's captured, while Northampton and his other companions fled.

In the confusion some buildings were set on fire, and a few houses plundered. But Kett again restored order and insisted upon the stolen property being returned.

Mansfield war had broken out with France and rangers had fared up in Devonshire and Yorkshire.

Predetermined by Northampton's death, Somerset immediately sent the Earl of Warwick to crush the uprising in Norfolk.

Pushing ahead of his army, Warwick rallied the remnants of North-

ampton's troops. He marched to Norwich, where he immediately sent a herald to the rebel held town with the offer of another free pardon.

Kett was now satisfied with his successes and was agreeable. He allowed the herald to read the proclamation and agreed to return with him to interview Warwick. Suddenly an archer who was posted barred an obscure path at the messenger.

The man promptly levelled his arquebus and shot the boy dead. A cry of treachery arose. Kett tried in vain to pacify the indignant crowd.

The following morning Warwick advanced upon the city. The gates were blown open and he forced his way into the market place, where 40 men were taken prisoner and hanged on the spot.

Most of the insurgents however escaped from the town and jettied up with a reserve force on Mansfield Hill. A number of them intercepted Warwick's ammunition waggon as the men and carried them off. Another group charged and captured all his cannon.

Warwick's position was now perilous. He was urged to abandon the town and return with reinforcements later. But he decided to hang on and wait for his own German mercenaries.

His march proved abortive. The rebels failed to annihilate their united forces by following up with an attack. Two days later the Lancashire arrived.

The next morning by a side movement Warwick cut off the insurgents from their provisions. Realizing that it was now or never, Kett and his men broke camp and under cover of smoke from their burning cities came down to do battle.

The Lancashire replied with sustained fire which threw the dense and unorganized rebel masses into rapid

confusion. As their lines wavered, Warwick's horse rode in.

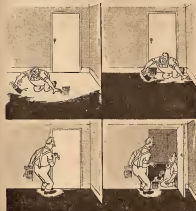
Soon the battle was covered with a confusion of and flying arrows. More than 2,000 were hurled down in flight. Kett escaped for the time being, but several days later, he was encountered with his brother in a barn some miles away. They were taken to London where they were resolutely dragged through the streets, then beheaded, decapitated, beheaded and quartered at Tyburn.

Robert's remains were later hung in chains from Norwich Castle, while

those of his brother William were strung up on the church steeple at Wymondsbury.

Thus ended the Kett Rebellion, remarkable among other things for the order which was observed among the people during the seven weeks of revolt against the State.

As a result measures were shortly taken to check the uneducated and even speculators. Later the Food Price Law was introduced, compelling each parish to look after its impoverished members.





Australian bushrangers vowed to die shooting. Few did. But Fred Lowry bravely stuck to his guns.



DREW HOLLAND

## DEATH before SURRENDER

"ACCORDING to information received," Sydney Sergeant James Stephenson might have said in evidence in Court at the later trial, "I led my patrol for fifteen miles through the bush to Vandy's hotel at Choderode Creek. I posted Troopers Sanderson and Kumpfm at the rear of the building to cut off escape in that direction. With Trooper Herbert, I approached the front door. Just at daybreak I knocked, holding a revolver at the ready in my hand.

"Police," Stephenson said calmly.

"Have you any prisoners in your house?"

If Vandy hesitated, who could blame him? He was between the deep blue sea of the law against shooting bushrangers and the devil of reprisal by outlaws and their friends, for Lowry, his mate Curran, and five friends were asleep at the hotel.

Stephenson hesitated him. "The place is surrounded. Where's Lowry?"

Vandy, astonished, his head jerked nervously towards the door of a verandah room. "In there."

Herbert held the policeman in arrest,

while the Sergeant rapped on the door impatiently. "Police. Come out and surrender!"

There was no answer so Stephenson knocked his knobby shoulder at the door. The lock broke. The Sergeant jumped back quickly to give himself a shooting distance to his fellow, the Gall revolver, thrusting for instant action, was trained on the doorway.

Fred Lowry did come out, but with a revolver in either hand spitting flame to blast a way through the police cordon.

In the galaxy of outlaws of the bushranging movement of the 1860s, the humble entries are apt to be overlooked in concentration on the stars. The Engwara Gold Robert Robbery put the brand of fame—or of infamy—on Frank Gardiner. When he eloped with Kitty Brown to Queensland, Ben Hall followed the falling mantle around himself in his leadership of the Wodden Gang.

Long days of the bush, Morgan, was ignominy and beating as a brutal killer, with Tom Clarke and his bunch his popular conception high in that same rating. By way of compensation, Thunderbolt (Fred Ward) earned a begrudged credit for his unswerving guns.

Lowry's star was dimmed by the brilliance of these others. His reign on the bush was short-lived in comparison with some of these named, but it was marked by more than one spectacular coup. However, in general, it followed the pattern of most other Wild Colonial Days great had. And like them, he swore the solemn vow—"Death before surrender."

Yet comparatively few of these desperadoes of the Australian bush had the courage to honour that vow when brought face to face with the probability of swift death from the

gun-hand of the law. But Lowry did.

Of the eight Engwara Gold robbers, the leader, Gardiner, and six others were arrested. Ben Hall, who was acquitted, died later under a hail of police lead, though without firing a shot himself. Johnny Gilbert, the only one of the eight who never felt the "verber" on his wrists, died in a fighting retreat from superior forces of the law.

The Clarke brothers surrendered when cornered in similar circumstances to Lowry. Morgan walked into an ambush of 15 guns and was shot down without warning, while Engwara robber O'Malley fell in action to prison lead. Thunderbolt, however if it were he, in some degree, met death when shooting it out with Constable Walker at Urella, in 1870.

Lowry, like most of the others named, graduated to bushranging through the kindergarten of cattle-drafting and horse stealing. He was born at Homebush (Sydney), in 1838, and the family — four boys and two girls—went to the Blind Station, where the sons became stockmen and the girls married squatters.

Fred earned money rapidly as the best "brandy hucker" west of the Blue Mountains, but his eye for good horseflesh developed into a habit of acquiring such without the owner's knowledge as the basis of payment. When a warrant was issued for his arrest, he bailed for the Abercrombie Range, west of Grafton, taking a girl friend with him.

The Abercrombies were the haunt of many horse thieves and cattle-drovers among them Johnny Vane and Mickey Roper, later of Ben Hall's gang. Lowry was in constant company, but the police jumped his camp one day. Fred refused to show a clean pole of herbs, but the girl was captured; she was convicted as an accessory at

# NO 4'S HERE

WHEN the Redmen invaded Alabamla, Senator Hiale Schumme issued this proclamation: order: "When this order is received, all men and boys able to carry a spear will go to Adala Alaska. Every married man will bring his wife to cook for him. Women with babies, the blind, and those too aged or infirm to carry a spear are exempted. Anyone found at home after receiving this order will be hanged."

## Fred Lowry, respected bushranger.

With the brand then put upon him, Lowry "burned out" in earnest, declaring war on the "taps." He piled his new trade of highway robbery without being caught in the act until October, 1933, when he became involved in a drinking brawl at a sports meeting at Campbell River.

His first two battles tall, exceptionally strong and active, Fred could use his fists in good purpose. He had told out a dozen men before the hostile mob got him to the ground. They were looking him in death when the police arrived, only to recognize the intended victim as a wanted man. Fred was lodged in Bathurst Gaol awaiting trial, and in company of more than a dozen other suspected, or avowed, bushrangers.

On February 13, 1933, Lowry escaped. Eleven days later, and armed only with a butcher's knife, Lowry held up a hotel at Grabben Gulch. His booty included a shotgun, a pistol, ammunition, and a horse. He was equipped for further ventures, three

days later, he held up the Mudgee Mail and despoiled with the register, and bag.

With Larry Cummins and Jack Foley as horsemen, Lowry engaged in despoiled bushranging, mainly between Yass and Cowra. Then on July 13, 1933, they made a chance hold that cleared, for a day, the lanes of the Eyreware Gold Robbery, with its \$10,000 loot in notes and gold.

Big Bill, 16 miles from Nowendele, was the victim, and the Mudgee Mail, sent-bound across the Blue Mountains, the cooperator of the chief victim.

Neither coachman nor passengers had the slightest suspicion of two riders whom they are coming steadily down the hill. They had every appearance of prosperous equities. One, however, Foley, presented his revolver as the driver, while Lowry held up the passengers. Later showed fight, his head darting for a gun strapped at his waist.

"Hands up! Or I'll shoot you dead!"

Lowry's voice roused with reason no less deadly than that of the bullet, black bore of the revolver aimed at the bank man's forehead. Waddy, Kater yielded. With dexterity, he watched Lowry pull a carpet-bag from the reach. He knew that it held \$3,750 in notes of the Joint Stock Bank.

As Cummins rode idly from his look-out post on the crest of the hill, Lowry played the gentleman. "We never rob women, ma'am," he told Mrs. Smith.

Three weeks later, Foley was captured, helplessly drunk, at McFar's hotel at Campbell River. He confessed to the hiding place of his share of the loot, and the bank recovered itself of nearly one-third of its loss. Mountains, in the company of Cummins, Lowry—now with \$250 reward against him—had ridden through the bush towards Goddard. The two stopped at

Waddy's hotel for a celebration.

Lowry's revolver spoke twice as he emerged from the room, before the policeman's hammer fell for the first time, but there was good reason for that timidity on the part of the law. Fred's first bullet drew blood by grazing the knuckles of the sergeant's gun-hand. If the policeman quaked instinctively, it was from the vicious whine of hot lead close to his ear.

Then the law spoke with powder and lead. His first shot missed the mark, but the second, fast-following, found human flesh. It tore a ragged

hole in Lowry's throat. Blood gushed in a crimson stream, as Fred crashed back on the floor.

Stephens approached the door cautiously. "Come out with your hands up! Quick, or we'll shoot!"

A bullet from the policeman's gun, crashing into the room, crashed the throat. Cummins came out with his hands heated high. He lived to own fifteen years hard labour.

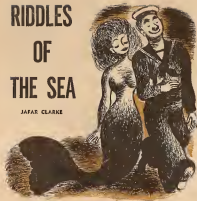
And Lowry? Fred Lowry died at dawn next day. His last words were "Tell the boys I died game!"

He was true to his vow—death before surrender.



# RIDDLES OF THE SEA

JAFAR CLARKE



Sea monsters, mermaids, ghosts and phantom ships all have their place in sea lore. And some stories are amazingly logical.

NINE over five years ago, a terrible, lament sea-accident, Edward Rowe Snow, was advised by his doctor to take a day off and relax. Taking the doctor's advice, he got his canoe and a small boy and went fishing off the Massachusetts coast.

The small boy put a line overboard and started to fish. He had caught a few flounders when he hooked onto something so heavy that he could not pull it in. Snow put down his paddle

and grasped the line and almost decided that he had hooked a rock. After a struggle, and nearly expending the canoe, up came a "sea monster." His mouth was as big as a bucket, wide open, and from it protruded two five-fingered hands. There were long spikes sticking up from his back and his eyes were ground on the end of wires, like electric lights on flexible sticks.

Pulling the sea-beast into the

canoe, Snow and the boy pulled for the shore and made of a few minutes had the A.P., U.P., the Boston newspapers, the *New York* and Harvard University on the phone. Old Robinson and numerous all agreed that it was the weirdest critter that had appeared from the Atlantic since the great sea-serpent of 1891 had visited the same area and surrounded the residents of the nearby towns of Lynn and Nahant.

In August, 1911, a sea-monster got on a fine show for the people of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and nearby Cape Ann. Hundreds of men, women and boys saw it with their own eyes. Colonel Harris, commander of Fort Independence, stated that the monster was the serpent swimming toward the fort. The Hon. Anna Lawrence, an eminent Boston citizen, viewed it from her summer home on high ground.

In the words of Colonel Perkins who went to Gloucester with his spy glass, he saw . . . "his object moving rapidly up the harbor. As he approached it was easy to see his motion was not that of a common snake . . . but the vertical movement of a caterpillar . . . there was visible about forty feet of his body and the entire length must have been much greater as he left a considerable wake on his rear. The head was flat as the water and the animal was a chocolate colour. A great many people watched him for about twenty minutes until he disappeared. He moved slowly, and at the approach of a vessel sank, and was not seen again."

Where the sea-serpent went to is no question, but he was reported to many places and finally the creature died down. Then, two years later, he played a return engagement to even larger crowds all Lynn and Nahant where he suddenly appear-

ed at the crowded watching audience.

Before at every land have gone on observing on the islands of the mainland and the river. On one boat the animal is a movement being wearing poor Jack of approaching pool, on another, she legs made her body snake and dance on the beach.

Marine literature is full of ghosts. Sometimes they warned of impending danger. Captain Rogers in 1841 was leading for Cape Hatteras at night. He believed he was at a safe distance, when reading in his cabin, he glanced up and saw the spectre of a sailor, who had been drowned during a previous voyage.

"Go on deck," said the ghostly visitor, "and look about you," and then vanished.

The captain did so, and to his horror found he was running into shallow water, and immediately ordered the ship to put about. When morning came, land was in plain view and if it had not been for the warning all on board would probably have been lost on that graveyard of ships, Cape Hatteras.

Sometimes the spectre comes back to torment those who had ignored them. Dana, the well-known author of "Two Years Before the Mast," tells a story of a sailor whose dearest possession was a violin on which he could only play one melody, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The sailor was brutally murdered by the captain, and the night after his body had been committed to the deep, the spirit of the murdered man was seen sitting on the bowhead playing his favorite tune. A terrible storm arose and in the midst of the howling wind the strains of the ghostly waltz were heard rising higher and higher as destruction became more and more imminent. The spirit of the fiddler could be seen laughing

### THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

Years ago—before World War Two hit us,  
A pocket of smokes were a treat  
In a pub you need only spend five bob  
To be carried out on your back  
You could buy a horse so very cheap—  
And furnish it for a few quids;  
You could find a girl on a small wage—  
And marry some several kids.  
Food was cheap—and clothing was, too;  
Movies set you back but two bob—  
You could live very well on quite a small wage—  
So long as you had a good job.  
There was usually some money left over each week—  
Providing you were not too earthy—  
Now, although you earn so much more dough,  
There's too much week left—of the end of your cash!

—RAY-ME.

as gaze at the horrified captain as he gazed death in the face.

The tale of the Phantom Ship is probably the best known of all maritime legends. This is the Flying Dutchman, sailing the seas with a crew of skeletons rattling around in the rigging. It all started with a Dutch captain trying to double Cape Horn against a head wind. He proudly swore that he would keep his course come hell and high water. In spite of the concentration of his crew, he laughed at their fears. When the crew threatened mutiny, they were flogged and some made to walk the plank. Cries from suffering victims rose to heaven and holy spirits swooped down before the captain and made marvellous appeals to the enraged wretch. At last he threw salt-water, at others he fired a pistol, and finally a voice from above proclaimed that on account of his blasphemy he should be con-

demned forever to sail the seas—the evil genius of sailors.

That the story should become a legend is not strange and the Phantom Ship, when even, is considered an evil omen. She brings sudden squalls and howling tempests. She lures those who is aw in her wake onto shoals, quagmires and reefs. She is the Purveyor of wicked sailors, her skeleton crew is composed of the souls of thug, pirate, murderers, all condemned to everlasting toil, with no rest, no play, and short returns.

The French mariners told a tale which made a toy boat out of the Flying Dutchman. They called their ghost ship the *Chasse-Marée*, "The Lightning Chase," which was so large that it took seven years to tack or change her course. When she sailed, whales were stranded on the shore. Thirty thousand men spent thirty years making her trail. Her

salute were as thick as the disaster of St. Peter's dome and so long that they could scarcely be blown away again. Her masts were so tall that a bay grew white-headed before reaching the first yard and her smallest sail was larger than all Europe.

The explanation of these ghastly vessels has been explained by science and the most sceptical have seen them. They are mirages at sea. It is a fact that mirages can be seen on water more often than on land. In southern Europe the phantoms of vessels are often seen during the summer a day or two before their arrival. Sometimes the mirage will distract the ship, draw her to the shore or doubly reflected both in the water and in the air, or upside down.

The storming with her search-lights put an end to most of the

phantom ship tales. The sailor no longer feels his way across the sea by modern instruments he knows exactly where he is and with radar can even see through fog. Light-houses and search-lights mark dangerous shoals and reefs; every island is charted.

The Flying Dutchman of the old time mariner has now been displaced by the Flying Saucers in the skies. Three hundred years ago the ghost of De Gama passed through the air by the spirits of his victims could be seen on certain nights. De Gama and his crew were forgotten and so is his ghost but the strange harlequin still plays across the skies on certain nights and the flying saucers now and then appear, so that all portents and mystery is not entirely dead and gone with the old sailors who have departed to Davy Jones' Locker.



## walkabout

## for a wife



Ernest Grogan spent two and a half years walking from Capetown to Cairo to prove he was worthy of a girl.

WHEN, in early 1908, a half-starved and tattered white man with a handful of native beavers emerged from the bush just south of Pretoria, in Southern Rhodesia, a Cape-Town Dragoon, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, looked up suspiciously.

But as the survivor was carrying his rifle along and not at the ready, the captain's suspicion changed to curiosity.

"How do you do?" he said cordially. "Where are you from?"

"Cape Town," said the other apologetically.

Major Ernest Scott Grogan was nearing the end of his epic walk from Cape Town to Cairo—and all for a woman. "My father-in-law first refused my little daughter's hand," Grogan explained years later, "saying I'd never done anything so I travel-

led from the bottom end of the continent to the top and he changed his mind."

It took him two-and-a-half years and when he made Pretoria he was starved, bandaged, blistered and exhausted.

On the trip he was twice attacked by hostile tribes, suffered outbreaks of heat and cold, heaved tons and gallons of rain, and was so near starvation at one stage that he swallowed a few vultures and liked it.

"I think I used every means of man-driven transport, except a camel," he said. "I went by horse, mule, ox-wagon, drove, canoe, gunboat, but mostly by my two good feet. In some parts of the Nile swamp I had to crawl on my stomach."

"The Nile swamps were the worst part of the journey—innumerable, malarial swamps, where snakes and fever abounded."

"In many parts of the journey the natives had never seen a white man. I was a mystery to them."

Grogan first saw Africa as a youthful reaver during the Boer War of 1899. After three weeks he got dysentery and "bacteriobacillus fever" and pluckily "shook his fist at Beira from a housebound-bound woman, happy that he would never again set eyes upon those accursed sands." He was bound for an easy life as a Cambridge undergraduate.

But 19 months later, he was back again on his army venture, accompanied by another exhausted named Arthur Sharp.

Charleston at that time was in the thick of the Khaffa relations between Beir and Briton in South Africa were touchy, and headbanging combats in the Congo were still plying their trade uninterrupted.

But, undaunted, Grogan and Sharp

set off from Cape Town on the first part of their trip—by rail to Bulawayo—which meant four dismal days and three yet more dismal nights in a most dismal train.

Next stop was Beira (the Portuguese East Africa). From Beira along the Pangos River, they spent nine miserable months big game hunting.

Leaving the Zambezi in October, 1901, Grogan and Sharp foot-clipped, canoed, rode and gunboated their way through Hartley, Lake Nyasa and Lake Tanganyika north to the then unexplored area of Ruanda-Urundi on the borders of the Belgian Congo. At Uluji they engaged 120 porters, Sharp got malaria and both got fever.

They spent several months exploring the mountainous areas of Ruanda, named a few peaks, including Mount Sharp, and talked to some pygmies. One peak they named Mount Eyre down to 12,000 feet.

They were now in civilized country and at Mbandaka were attacked by members of the Baluba tribe. But Sharp proved more than a match for them. Grogan killed one of the screaming savages before they retreated.

At their village they found a bunch of human skulls drying on a stick, a gnawed thigh-bone with shards of half-eaten meat attached, a gnawed raw forearm, a head with a "spoon" left sticking in the brains, a roasted hand, another head with one cheek eaten and "a stomach that surpassed all understanding."

At Lake Edward, a worried old chief insisted on them being initiated as his blood-brothers. After a small neck was made on their chests and the blood smeared on a piece of meat, all solemnly ate. Grogan countered by shaking the chief's hand, explain-

A VISITING specialist was taken to the cubicle of a mental case who thought he was a king. "I know I am a king," the man explained. "Duke, told me so." At once a dusky voice sounded from the next cubicle: "I told you nothing of the kind!"

ing that "it was the Englishman's method of making blood-brothers."

At Tana, just before Lake Albert Nyanza, Riley decided to "check in" and accompanied to Marshalls, while Grogan pushed on north, through the swamps of the Upper Nile.

In Debesland, on the Southern Sudan, he again struck trouble with the native inhabitants. Several times 500 km. warriors, hoping for some easy loot, rushed Grogan's caravan. His Galla servant fell at the first onslaught, stabbed through the heart. Two others went down with cracked skulls.

The rest halted, leaving Grogan to face the swarms. He shot three of them dead at close quarters, killed the leader in a hand-to-hand fight, and put the rest to flight. Thereafter they kept a respectful distance.

"I climbed up a high anti-hill that was clear," he wrote, "and could see them watching at about 200 yards for our next move, which was an unexpected one, for I planted a Dime-Dam apparently in the stomach of

one of the most atrocious ruffians, whom I recognized by his great height. . . .

"I found Dime-Dams expended most satisfactorily on the human body, the wounds of each being terrible scars. I attribute this to the softness of the human body, bullets expanding more readily on soft bodies or bones than on a metal substance like the body of a large antelope."

In Marshland, a little farther north, a Galla native who leaned behind the main party disappeared without trace. As it was open country the natives must have been expert kidnappers.

Pushing their way through dreary swamps and woods, they walked into the trail of the Fubeds incident. Marshlands were over for Grogan.

"In the course of a chequered career, I have seen many wretched, worn, sick, but for a God-forsaken, dry-sucked, dry-burnt wilderness, command me to the Upper Nile; a desolation of desolations, an infernal region, a howling waste of weed, mosquitoes, flies and fever, beset by a stinging waste of thorns and stings—waterless and waterlogged by turn."

The remainder of the journey to Chari was covered in easy stages by foot, gunboat and rail.

Cecil John Rhodes wrote appreciatively: "I must say I envy you, for you have done that which has been for centuries the ambition of every explorer, namely, to walk through Africa from north to south. The measurement of the whole thing as that a youth from Cambridge during his vacation should have succeeded in doing what the paid-daring explorers of the world have failed to accomplish."

Grogan remained in the Africa he had at first despised. In 1904, back

in South Africa, he became a Johannesburg town councillor. Two years later he settled in Egypt, where today he is one of the colony's biggest landowners.

Thirty-two years after his epic trek was over, Grogan was guest of honour of the first passenger aircraft from London to Capetown. He covered in eight days what it took him two-and-a-half years by foot. Today, the Camel does it in 24 hours.

"It seems beyond belief that a man could have that double experience in a lifetime," he said in an interview at the time. "It shows how fast the world is moving."

"This time I shall accomplish the journey as luxury and comfort in an armchair, looking down on the great continent through which I struggled with so much hardship."



"I shall see desert, swamps, mountains, plain and wilds pass beneath me — and I shall remember everything."

"On my new journey I shall have no slender means. I shall sleep even nights in a good hotel bed. I shall be able to have a bath each day."

"Most of the places and towns at which we shall descend on my new air trip did not exist when I made my first journey. They were not even placed on the map."

"I shall be like the reverse of the Time Machine! I shall have the most wonderful experience of any living man."

Today, now a retired colonel, Grogan is a striking figure, with long, flowing white hair and a white beard. He is a respected citizen and he still owns the trip was worth it.

## THE END OF Arguments



Which babies are most intelligent?

Professor Childsland, a psychologist at Chicago's Northwestern University, has devised a test for measuring a baby's intelligence quotient. It reveals that Negro babies on the first months of life have a slightly higher IQ than whites. In a test, 100 Negro babies had a mean IQ of 105.4, as compared to 103 for the same number of white infants. The difference is believed to result from the fact that, generally, Negro babies are smaller and more awarred. Consequently the children receive more comfort and stimulation. The opinion is borne out by the higher IQ. (An average of five points) of babies living at home than those living in institutions.

How fast does a smoke travel?

It has been estimated that, although a smoke travels a distance of only two or three feet, it travels the same at a speed of 150 feet per second, which is more than 100 miles an hour. A good, vigorous smoke generally carries more than 100,000 germs into the air. Most of them fall to the ground out of human's way in less than a minute, but hundreds may last around for unexpected values for several hours.

What happens when a mosquito bites?

Actually it is less a bite than a

drilling operation as elaborate as sinking an oil well. In two seconds the stinging mosquito stabs through the victim's skin with four thin, sharp mandibles to her mouth or mouth. She then inserts a flexible, pointed tube called a fascicle. To increase bleeding and cause coagulation, she injects an anesthetic saliva. That leaves only the actual poring of your blood, which may take a minute if she is left in peace. The swelling or itch is believed to be caused by an instant-on allergic reaction—the leaves behind.

Is whale palatable?

It is only recently that meat-hungry post-war populations have come to realize that whaling crews for the past century have been right in describing poorer young whale steaks as food fit for a dog. To be palatable, however, the whale "steak" must be eaten quickly. It is only with the development of modern, quick-freeze methods that the public has been able to get the steaks before they spoil. As with beef or chicken, the age of the whale determines the taste of the meat. Although Eskimos dread any raw whale, it is generally considered preferable to cook it thoroughly with cream, herbs, tomatoes and savory season to bring out the best qualities of its flavor.

## the papered doll



No, that rare clipping stems of interest out of that newspaper. Her name is Urba—just Urba, nothing else—and that all set to show you how a girl with ideas, a pair of scissors and a newspaper can fashion herself a nice, wearable and seductive little fashion suit. You don't believe it? Well just have a look over here.



Sitting cross-legged to the ground like a true toiler, Urbie has already completed an eye-catching bit. In her hands she's got the cut-out paper for the commander of an army lifting a peasant as we've seen for many a day. Yet another Swedish beauty to invade Hollywood, Urbie is a volcanic red blonde, and she is set to follow her compatriots Greta, Bergman and Torsten to the promise of film success.

30 CAVALCADE, April, 1938



Here is the finished job. Urbie makes a last minute adjustment to be sure there's no danger of a slip-off, and is all set to try it in the good Haid hall. Urbie, and let some of those daring go-and-get catch up with their reading. That could be the society page she's got there, and so doubt you wouldn't mind providing her with any society she might want.

CAVALCADE, April, 1938 31



# the GHOST who wrote BOOKS

HERMANN VOLZ



A housewife established contact with a spirit who wanted to write books. The spirit produced several best sellers.

MRS. John Curran, of St. Louis, Missouri, was not exactly what you'd call a "typical" person. She was a solid average housewife. Her husband was a steady, head-headed employee of the Department of Immigration.

On July 18, 1912, while downtown shopping, Mrs. Curran bought an Oahu Board. This was a popular form of paper entertainment at the time, and Mrs. Curran had decided it was time she had one around her own

home. It cost about three dollars.

An Oahu Board is, in case you've never seen one, is a flat piece of wood with the letters of the alphabet printed on its surface. It comes equipped with a small, three-legged "table" that rests on the board and serves as a pulpit. When the fingers of a "narrative" person, or person with penman, are placed on the little table, it moves around the board, spelling out words.

The common belief was that a

"spirit" guided the pointer around. Mrs. Curran and a neighbor put together over the Board in her living room.

They were at it quite awhile, watching the pointer spell out a hap-hazard word here or there, and were about to take off to bed—when suddenly the little table under their fingers started creaking with great exertion. The message it spelled out made them jump with fright.

"Many moons ago I lived. Again I come," intoned Worth my name," the Board was saying. The women hardly jerked their fingers from the pointer, but still it moved on. "I would speak to this," it wrote.

Mrs. Curran shouted for her husband. John took one look at the jumping pointer—and stopped laughing. It was spelling words all right, even though no one was touching it. It was, in fact, getting poetic, with these lines:

Am I a broken lyre,  
Who, at the Master's touch,  
Respondeth with a tremble and a  
whisper?

O'er me I a string in fall  
And of his touch  
Gives forth the full chord?

After the enigmatic but beautiful verse, Putnam told something of herself. She'd been born in Dorchester, England, around 1820. It seemed later on, while still a young lady, she'd moved to Martha's Vineyard, just off the coast of Massachusetts.

Most important of all, the spoke of having all her life dreamed of being a writer. And she'd had a few "fine poems of my own" running around in her head, just before she met a horrible death at the hand of strange Indians.

During the evenings that followed, sometimes alone, sometimes with friends, Mrs. Curran spent all her time at the Oahu Board. Putnam

Worth told lots more about herself. Most of the time, however, she recited poetry.

Like the rest of her talk, the poetry was in genuine dialect of 19th century England. Mrs. Curran potted the verses down, and, when she had enough of these, brought them to a publisher. They were printed in book form, under the title "The Light Beyond." The book enjoyed great popularity—and sales.

Soon another book had come from the invisible Oahu Board. This was titled "Hope Trustified," and it, too, became a big seller. The famous literary critic, Francis Herbert, called it a fine piece of work.

The last book written by the Board was "A Story Told." It told of the life and times of Christ, and someone brought it to the attention of Professor Roland Greenough Usher, Dean of History at Washington University.

Professor Usher called it "the greatest story of Christ since the Gospels," and declared that even a scholar of the 19th century dialect could not have written it, as it had been done—without a single grammatical fault of a slight inconsistency here or there. If a scholar couldn't do it, then certainly an uneducated St. Louis housewife couldn't either.

The books and Mrs. Curran created quite a stir at the time, which today has been more or less forgotten. The little housewife died in 1924, almost unknown. Not long before her death, investigations had gone to Martha's Vineyard, looking for evidence of a long-dead girl named Putnam Worth.

They found that someone by that name had actually lived in the region during the late 1800s. And, although she'd left no written words behind her on paper, she had been thought a little queer by the local people—"because she was always speaking poetry."

# Crime Capsules



## MISTAKEN IDENTITY

The superiority of fingerprinting over the Bertillon measurement system for identification purposes was proved by an incident at Leavenworth Penitentiary in 1903. While measuring a new inmate named Will West, the clerk observed he resembled the prisoner from a previous sentence. West finally denied ever having served time at Leavenworth, but the clerk was so sure of himself that he went to a life case, pulled out a certain card—and beamed with satisfaction. It was the record of a William West, and his photograph and measurements were unquestionably those of the new arrival. Then the clerk looked at the back of the card and discovered that the man it described was already a prisoner there. The fact that these two "identical" men had radically different fingerprints was responsible for the remarkable and widespread adoption of fingerprinting.

## VOLUNTARY DETENTION

Many men have heeded the boss in his den and asked for a promotion, when someone requests a demerit, however, it is given. Such was the case not so long ago with a police sergeant in the Tennessee City of Knoxville. To his superior he wrote: "My reason for wanting the demeriton is that I find the difference in pay, 12 cents per day, is insuffi-

cient compensation for the responsibilities that a sergeant must assume.

## JUSTICE PLAN

A motorist in Denver, Colorado, was recently arrested for speeding through town at 50 miles an hour. He was fined 34 dollars. Thinking this verdict unfair, the motorist appeared to the County Court. After hearing the case, the 47-woman jury agreed that the fine was not just. Their verdict in its place was: A fine of 100 dollars, a good sentence of 30 days on a chain of driving while intoxicated, 100 dollars and 30 days more for being under the influence of liquor, 25 dollars for running past a red light, 50 dollars for reckless driving and 25 dollars for careless driving.

Which all goes to show that second thoughts are not always the best. Another moral would seem to be: "Be satisfied with your lot." Or, perhaps, the motorist associated with the wrong type of women.

## PROOF POSITIVE

An impetuous burglar, it has been reported, obtained entry to the office of a Los Angeles doctor by climbing through the window over the door. However, in the process, he slipped and fell, cutting himself so badly that he had to phone the doctor's home and request he come to his assistance. The doctor hurried over—and so did the police.



*Study by Stephen Glass*

# HANDS

THE VISION OF THE DEAD NEGRO'S FINGERS HAUNTED HIM—UNTIL OTHER FINGERS CLOSED ON HIS WRISTPIPE

A COUPLE of nights ago the whole bunch of us, all wearing the Klan hoods, went and burned a cross cross right outside the jail. That's a sure way of putting a Nigger's wind up. Next morning the sheriff came around and swore in some new deputies. He was plenty nervous and tried to calm things over a bit, but for that time folks in town were too worked up to listen to him much.

There was some talk about transferring the Nigger to another jail, as the militia coming down from Atlanta, but nothing happened. Steve Forbes figured it was the next election, they were afraid of losing too many votes if they brought the troops in.

From then on it was our game all the way; for when folks found out there wasn't going to be any soldiers, they got mighty brave about the whole business and even picked out a suitable tree with nice strong branches.

Steve Forbes called out what the hell were we waiting for, and our bunch started moving towards the courthouse where the jail is.

Bunches of people kept joining us from the side streets. A few of them carried guns; most had clubs or bats and some picked up stones as we went along. Someone, I don't know who, gave out the news that



Jameson's a huge success

And his recipe is neat—

He makes hay from the press

That grows

Neath other people's feet!

—E. K. Kim

the Nigger had confused. It spread around quickly. Soon all of us knew it, and Andy McCullin yelled that he had seen the confusion signed.

Even the dumbest could see now that the Nigger was guilty. People had watched him hang around the Amaley house the day their little girl disappeared, so it was on the cards he'd had something to do with it.

We had a road mob going by then, must have been close to five hundred. We swarmed onto Jackson Square and over to the courthouse on the far side. But there, suddenly, the crowd stopped. On the pedestal stood the sheriff with about a dozen deputies. There weren't many of them, but they all had their guns and Sheriff Hawkins is the meanest shot in the country.

Hawkins started shouting at the crowd. He told them that he would use us if the Nigger didn't escape. There'd be a trial, and if the Nigger was guilty he'd try just like anyone else. Then the sheriff said for us to go home quietly and not stop

a man from seeing a fair American trial. But if we started anything, Hawkins went on, he'd shoot, and not in the air either.

Someone headed a brick in the sheriff's face that sent him sprawling. One of the deputies went down with a pair of knee-knocks where his teeth should have been. The rest of them put both to their heels.

I was lucky enough to be among the first that broke into the cell. Some of the poor guys outside seized the best part of the show. That Nigger still was the queerest sight I'd ever seen. I wouldn't ever have believed that a Nigger can change his colour, but this one was white.

We were fighting to get at him. Dave Gwynard pushed ahead of the rest and caught the Nigger a clip on the jaw that nearly sent him down for the count. After that I got my chance and landed a heavy in his stomach with my boot. He gave a creak and heaved up.

Two of us took him under the arms and dragged him outside.

Little Mickey Moran gave a smarting at his end of the rope and Mr. Nigger found himself dangling on air.

I saw his hands then—and from that moment I couldn't look at anything else. All the little veins were sprouting out, so hard that I thought they'd burst through the skin. The long bony fingers clenched and unclenched, the nails digging into the whitish palms. It seemed as if those hands had started living on their own, quite separate from the dangling Nigger, and that at any moment they'd tear through the rope and wander off alone like five-fingered animals.

The hands kept opening and closing long after the Nigger was dead. I'd had enough, didn't want to look any more, but I couldn't seem to turn my head away. The figure had

stopped swinging, the legs hung down straight, but the wrists kept twisting and turning, the fingers clawing the empty air like black worms, trying to get a grip on someone or thing. Then, suddenly, they gave a slight shiver and stretched out—still.

Someone amplified a tin of petrol over the body and put a match to it. I just walked away. Near the edge of the crowd I came past another Nigger. He turned away when he saw me, but not before I'd noticed how hard he'd been staring at me. Wonder what he was thinking?

This morning I nearly killed myself while driving a fare in my taxi. The guy got in at the station and told me to drive down Richmond Avenue. He didn't know the number of the house he wanted, but he'd point it out to me as we went past.

I was driving down slowly till we got to 112. The guy put his hand on my shoulder and told me to pull up. I turned my head—and then I saw that the hand on my shoulder didn't belong to the man behind me. It was that hand—clenching and unclenching—grasping the air a few inches from my throat.

I don't know what happened then. I just remember hearing a crash and the noise of breaking glass. I woke up with my head down on the steering wheel, the car jerked against a house-wall.

It's come into my house now—for a while. I thought I was safe then. I woke up in bed around half past one. The room was dark and so quiet I could hear my heart beating—bang, bang, bang—as if it was going to split me wide open. And just in front of my eyes was something long and black and squirming, the fingers stretching out for my neck, coming closer—until I could have sworn I felt something cold and dead

teaching me, clamping on my neck.

I awoke then. I reached for my bed lamp and pruned the switch. It was all gone, my room was just my room, same as it's always been. The headlight came in and wanted to know what the racket was, I told her I'd had a bad dream and she seemed satisfied with that. Only I know it was no dream...

I saw it again last night—the hand with the white rope marks. I was sitting in a chair by the window when I noticed out at me, seemed to come from nowhere. I jumped up and howled and the chair went away with a crash and then the room was full of people asking what the hell was the matter. I told them about the hands, and they all nodded and said it must be the hot weather we're having. I didn't mind them saying that; I just didn't want to be left alone...

They're coming at me now, from behind a window curtain. They're trying to smother up on me, but I can see them, stretching out for my neck, those long black fingers reaching for my throat, slowly coming closer. Now I'm yelling to make them retreat—it always does when I scream—I'm screaming—screaming...

#### Taxi Driver Murdered

Atlanta, Saturday.

George Leary, 38, taxi driver, of Lawrenceville, Georgia, was found strangled in his room today. Police think that Leary, well-known as a member of the Ku Klux Klan, was murdered to avenge the death of Robert Ellis, victim of last week's lynching affair.

Police are searching for a tall, thin Negro of about 35, last seen at the spot of the lynching and believed to have been a close friend of the victim.

# A MAN LIKE A BILLABONG

BIG GLASS DID NOT FEAR THE MADDENED MOB, BUT WHEN

TAKE it or leave it, but it's true. I had with me at the time Big Glass Foster, and that word Glass was something about him. You know that great barrel of land named Broadish McGann, the joker that ate with his knife, the one we met at Geompan M's in '37? Well, think of his big moon face, his lit stone and his dead grin. When you think of that Big Glass Foster, only add a few more particulars:

Add a strength that gave Big Glass the power to hold two men three inches off the floor at the ends of his outstretched arms. Add a shy, simple

nature, and above all a placidity of temperament I've never seen anywhere else. He moved slowly, ate slowly, talked slowly. Still the Tar-Weise could have around the Continent in the time it took Big Glass to read a newspaper. He'd carry a rug around with him for a month, and at the end of that time he could give you a playback of everything he'd read.

Here was a man that went through life like a billabong. Nothing ever seemed to ruffle the surface of his mind. He never swore. Never got angry. He had no use to grind. He just existed, much the same way as

THE FIRE BROKE OUT HE BECAME A QUAKING COWARD.

a polio does. And yet—and this is what I'm getting at—I saw Big Glass Foster change before my eyes. I saw him become another being, and it was a horrible and frightening experience.

I'd knocked up a bit of a shape at Tarantula, and was cutting through to the west coast when one Saturday afternoon, at sea, I struck a brush pile.

I didn't have to tell you it was the right answer to the dust in my throat. There was a lot of drunken sound inside, and outside, hitched to the red, a few busy nags stood fly-



PARRY NILAND • FICTION

"WHY," said the Colonel, "once during the Civil War I was surrounded by 500 natives. They closed at my feet, pounded my knees and feet, pummelled my chest, beat me about the head and shoulders, and then, grasping me against a tree, three of them ran their spears right through me. I was left for dead—and there I remained, motionless, against that tree for ten days." The listeners were properly awed. "Well, sir," said one of them, "the pain must have been excruciating. Didn't the spears hurt you terribly?" The colonel shrugged deprecatingly. "Only," he admitted, "when I laughed."

bution in the room. There were sofas and tables and a couple of back-servers. I knew before I pushed open the outer doors that I'd see a pub full of Maoris. They gave me the once-over with their bloodshot eyes, made a few cheeky jokes in their own lingo, and I wondered how soon it would be before they'd start pushing me around for the bushmen booze they wanted.

I had a beer. Then, like Big Glance Foster tried to do, and asked for a bottle. He held it aloft and let the beer run down his throat. He didn't swallow. He looked an easy touch, a big fat man that used to be a big fat baby, and a great thick-skinned lumper of a Maori bawled up and squealed his face: "You about the Maori a little drunk, eh?"

Big Glance flunked the bottle. He wiped his lips, held up a peppy finger and nodded to the barman. He took no notice of the transient Maori; for all the severity on his face the pub might have been empty and he'd just come into a punter's paradise.

The barman gave him the bottle, and the Maori, puffing his splayed lips back from black broken teeth, snort and made a snort at it. Big Glance squeezed the Maori's shirt in

one huge paw and held him off, while he tilted the bottle, calmly drinking as Flat-Nose swung his arms and struggled in the grip. Then Big Glance had to put the bottle on the counter, for three other Maoris crowded him, and he stood looking at them.

"You waste light, eh, you big porpo?"

"No," said Big Glance tranquilly. "I don't want no light. All I want is to drink my beer."

One of the Maoris looked him in the backside. Another gave him a backhander. Flat-Nose grabbed the bottle, and left nobody in any doubt that it was now his. Still then Big Glance Foster showed no fear or anger. He gripped Flat-Nose's arm, and with his other hand, the neck of the bottle and pulled it away easily.

Then the bar closed as the four Maoris started conflicting punches. Big Glance got his back against the wall and stood still there, holding up his arm to ward off the blows. First glances off his head and jaws. They thudded on his body, but there was no change in his peaceful expression.

There wasn't another white man there, and I was looking up whether I'd hit in and give him a hand. But he didn't need it. He swung his arms

and drove them out in jolting movements like spring whippers. The punches were straight, accurate, powerful.

Three of the Maoris, heads knocked back, dropped and didn't move. The fourth, Flat-Nose, the one who'd started all the trouble, stumbled and fell bugged the big man, trying to shove him to the floor.

All the same time, another friend of the boys rushed in with a bottle as soon as Big Glance's arms seemed to be panned. I grabbed this man's arm, who'd had around and nearly broke my hand on his chin.

"W'e'll do it, it's all in," Big Glance said. And with that he picked up his assistant, lifted him above his head and dived him across the counter. Bottles crashed and glass flew everywhere. Everything stopped still for a minute. The room was gone. You could hear the stuffings squabbling in the guttering.

I took one quick look around—the space where Big Glance stood, the still and solid composition of men, carved all the way around between the walls and the bar, the barman, his thin body now ridden with contortions and fear, looking from the man on the floor at his feet to the man who'd put him there. It was like a scene from a painting. Only it wasn't any more. It was too alive. There was tension and violence in the atmosphere. Not a friendly glance now made. Every face held intensely, restrained, harshly.

And the feeling was not only against Big Glance Foster. I shied off. And I knew the story was only just beginning.

I lifted my ring, touched Big Glance and said: "Come on, mate. Let's get out of here."

"Good of you to give us a hand," he said, nodding at the man I'd dropped. "But I'm sorry you got mixed

up in it. It could have been terrible." "If we don't get moving," I said to him as he-waved as I could, "this is nothing to what's coming."

He didn't answer me. He walked over to the bar and said to the barman: "Where's the beer?"

"He ain't here. He's an Auckland."

"When'll he be back?"

"To-morrow we expect him."

"I got no money now. I just got enough to pay for a room here to-night. But I'll give you an IOU for any damage I caused. You take it up and let me know. Don't forget that Maori's debt on to me. I won't pay that. But you'll get mine."

"You mean—you want a room here to-night?"

Big Glance nodded. "The going there right now. I gotta get some sleep. Where is it?"

The barman hesitated. Then he took a key off a rack and gave it to Big Glance, briefly indicating the apartment. He poked up his arm and started off and I went after him. He was a fool. I had to try and clean it into him.

The room was on the second story, off the balcony westerly, the usual cheap hotel rooms. There were two single beds. Big Glance Foster slipped on to one, rolled on his back and let out a great sigh of contentment.

"Listen," I said, "I haven't been in the country long, but I know Maoris and they're rats in the drink. You think those five guys are going to let byones be byones?"

"I just come from Austin on the last boat. What part are you from?"

"New South. I tell you, they'll be after your carcass, and if they can't just up another ten or twelve to help 'em I'm a bad guesser."

"I come from New South, too—Tennora. Good. Stay that . . . she's a small world."

He pressed and turned on his side.

"Don't mind me, I've stood as tall from without since yesterday morning. I'll be right when I get some sleep."

"But, listen—" The policeman in that huge prison figure told me words were useless. I walked out on to the balcony and looked down at the scene. There were the Morris stretched out and surrounded by knots of their cohorts.

I went back into the room and sat on the spare bed. I could already feel the flutter in my groin. How easily a man can walk into trouble! I started to erase the time. I didn't know what to do. If I stayed there and hoped for the best, it might blow over. If I walked out now, how far would I get before I copped it, boots and all?

Big Glance Foster was snoring. I kept smoking cigarettes, half expecting the heavy tread of boots on the stairs, the turn of the knob and the creak of the door as weight leaned against it. I hurried over and looked the door. Then I heard the public outside lift higher. I had another look from the balcony. The barman was talking everybody to get out. Time was up. I watched the spots of Morris dwindling out. Then I heard the door slam and the grates of balls.

The next minute there was a quick notice of feet on the stairs and a knock on the bedroom door. It was the barman, and he told me to open up. He pointed into the room. He looked frightened and he talked quickly: "You got to get him up and out of here, quick!"

"They mean business, do they?"

"I'll say they do. They want me to tell him to go, put him out. If I don't—"

"They'll fix you, too, eh."

I looked at the barman close up

He was a squab, all squab. "I don't blame you for looking after your own skin, but if we go out of here they'll be on to us like a pack of mad dogs."

"I gotta think of the pub, and the boss in a row."

"Damn the pub, and the boss, and you, too. I'm not dying for any one of you. We've got a chance if we stay here."

"No law," he said vehemently. "Then Morris will get more and more worked up, and they'll stay at nothing." He looked away, thinking. There was sweat on his forehead: "Listen, you can smash out the back door . . . get away into the street, I'll be back as quick as another ten minutes."

"That sounds better—what about you?"

"I can tell 'em you're not here—you gotta lose a bunk."

I went straight over to the bag and shook Big Glance Foster. It was like trying to bring the dead to life. Still with his eyes closed, he slowly asked what was wrong. I told him, and urged that we should take the barman's advice. No change of expression crossed the smooth, moon face. He just turned over and with his eyes still closed, muttered: "All bluff. Don't worry about this." The words trailed off, and he was fast asleep again.

The barman and I looked at each other. I was furious. He was near to tears. "Where's the nearest town?" I asked him.

"Milken's the nearest of any place—25 miles."

"Get on that phone and get the police. Tell 'em to get here fast."

He ran out. I heard the banging on the door downstairs, and the Morris voices calling for the barman. Then a stone, followed by another, landed

on the balcony. I went out there and looked over the rail. There must have been 40 or 50 Morris there, pelting, devastating. They'd started a fire, and young bloods were dragging wood from the woodshop to feed it.

It wasn't a pretty sight that drunken mob, inflamed with thoughts of revenge, bent on violence. The next second the barman was with me, and down below the pelts went up anew. One petrified Morris shouted: "You come down with your mate, or, by Mon, we come up and get you."

They started flinging stones, and we dashed back into the room. The windows shattered all along the balcony verandah. Then the stoning stopped. The barman stood shaking in dread. Big Glance Foster stared at. I heaped the rope from Milken over 25 miles nearer.

Then a great dry went up outside.

Into voices at a removal. We smelt paint burning. Smoke rolled up and along the balcony. There was the crackle of flames growing louder. I dashed out on to the balcony. The Morris hoisted and yelled. They laughed and shouted. Their eyes glistered, and their teeth shone in the red flicker of flames that outlined them clearly.

"They've set fire to the pub!" yelled the barman. "What'd I tell you?"

He rushed downstairs, and was back in a few seconds, bubbling about the fire raging down there. He crossed the balcony and kept from the rail. I saw a bunch of Morris surge in on him in a moving mass that broke open again and left him tall and bloody and belated on the ground.

This was rich. Hatched to death if you jumped, burned to cinders if you stayed.



A certificate of marriage

Has been, sleep time begun

A looney going wrong

Permitted to dress a friend

—EE-AR

The room was filling with choking smoke as I woke Big Glass Porter. While the smoke was backing back into his drowsy nostrils, I was telling him we were trapped. I was shaking his massive shoulders and firing the words like bullets, and then I stopped. I stopped, because—well, I told you how nothing ruffled this big man.

It was different now. That blind, misted haze from a mask of terror. The eyes closed and the mouth opened in a hideous grimace. Big Glass Porter jumped off the bed. He ran on to the balcony, where the flames were licking up past the raft from below. He turned back into the room, and down the stairs, and stumbled back again, his arms raised over his face. He grabbed me like a child and wailed hoarsely. "The first fire!"

He stood alone in the room, shuddering in all his great bulk, crying in fear. He screamed. He blundered

like a blind ape against the walls, towards the doors and back again. He was hysterical. I slapped his face and shook him and yelled over the roar of the flames and the crash of splintering timber that it was better to risk the mercy of the Moon than accept the certainty of the fire. And I tried to push and lead him towards the balcony. But he wouldn't budge. He kept wailing and screaming. Then all sound in him stopped. He sat on the bed, whimpering and laughing and gibbering. It occurred me to ask him.

"Give me your hand," I said, calmly as I could. He put his hand in mine with the feeling of an idiot. I led him carefully on to the hot floor of the balcony, got him to the rail.

"Now jump! That's a good fellow!" I helped him on to the rail, pushed him and jumped after. The Moon came in on us, but stopped abruptly, for Big Glass Porter was sitting on the ground, shuddering, twisting back and forth, screaming in an embolic way. If that's anything that moves the great slant off a Moon it's a madman, and I watched the horrified and fearful faces as they withdrew. I knelt on one knee beside Big Glass, safe in the sanctuary of his all arms.

That's how we were when the police arrived.

Well, the pain was burned down, but nobody was badly hurt. The barman had a few stitches in his back. A couple of days in hospital for shock treatment brought Big Glass back to normal, and I knocked about New Zealand for 12 months with him after that. He was a good man. It was some time before we touched on his behavior at the pub. Then he confessed to me, overchai atmosphericly, that though he feared nothing else he had a phobia about fire. Had always had it.

Edison.



"Can't you psychologists think of anything else to talk about but sex?"



# INVENTED By GIBSON

## "BUILD IT YOURSELF"

Children wash in  
dishwater machine  
The laundry appliance can be attached to your water of lake.  
Pots and pans that continuously get clean and good clothes  
are washed up in our machine, washing machine.  
They also make a nice, washed and rock clean to sleep at our  
and for some time.  
Both women and men with respiratory organs of countryside  
The provides the little women with a special kitchen of a machine  
and day in the great one as soon as well as reducing the women,  
the housewife, as the little machine can be used in time for the  
old machine that crop up in any work.



Special submarine who live by order from the  
are used as long as a life of water machine.  
With the aid of a ladder with ropes  
and suitable machine and equipment of the  
machine of water-water special machine can be  
placed in an machine how the party from the  
machine you may see. It would be a good idea  
if you don't forget the with a few submarine  
of a machine, before making of the  
machine work.



This machine makes the eating  
of vegetables a real  
pleasure. You really  
enjoy plants that once had  
when you die with the  
spoon.

Now, when you die, you  
enjoy of food without ob-  
serving the view of your  
other breakfast table.

Two more method of building  
up work and look of your  
with one more of machine.  
The One machine is in top  
of table, and then machine is  
attached to table.  
The Two, look and of machine  
are attached to back end of  
table.



# STRANGER and Stranger



## SMALL TOWN . . .

Strongly, the United States, except New York and Chicago, and the others, is still predominantly a small-town and rural community. Three-fifths of the American people live in places with less than 25,000 residents. Less than one quarter of the population live in cities containing a quarter of a million or more people. Twenty-five American states have no cities with populations as large as 250,000, and 13 of these have no cities above 100,000. New York State is most urbanized, with 80 per cent of its residents living in cities of 250,000 or more.

## INCOME TAX HISTORY . . .

First imposed by William Pitt in 1798 to help meet increased expenditures caused by the Napoleonic Wars, income tax (at two pence in the pound) was allowed to be assessed by the taxpayers themselves. The financial result was negligible, and the tax was soon dropped. It was imposed again in 1842 with stringent safeguards to check the personal assessment. After victory at Waterloo, the "forced tax" was dropped "for ever." Parliament ordered that all official records relating to it be destroyed. In 1842 Sir Robert Peel introduced it again. For years it was never more than a few pence in the pound, but during the Boer War it rose to the unprecedented figure of 1/3 in the pound—and it has not stopped rising since then.

## PROFITABLE . . .

On September 8, 1904, the liner *Marco Castle*, which was burned out, drifted shorewards and wrecked on the beach at the New Jersey coast of Asbury Park. A million people started to converge on the spot to look at the wreck. A few Yankee entrepreneurs realized they were ripe for the spending of a good deal of money. During the next three weeks, besides selling telescopes, books and sight-seeing plans, the touring crowds bought vast quantities of food and drink and countless refreshments and cups of bubble gum containing the disaster. The city of Asbury Park itself also made thousands of dollars by charging admission to its Casework Hall, which, being situated on a pier near the shore, provided a clear view of the *Marco Castle*.

## BIG BEN . . .

Everyone knows that Big Ben is the huge 134-ton bell that strikes the hours on the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament in London. However, few can say how it got its name. The fact is it was named after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was Commissioner of Works and the biggest M.P. in the House when the bell was installed in 1859. When he asked in the House, "What shall we call our great bell?" one member shouted: "Why not call it Big Ben?" It has been its nickname ever since.



"I think it's for you."



## SARATOGA BELLES

Once a year, during the short racing season, the sleepy and lawless town of Saratoga Springs, New York, really comes alive. Night clubs flourish and many Broadway favorites, like those getting ready for their summer sell, appear in spectacular shows. Regardless of your racing tack, they make the Saratoga season something to be remembered.



With performers like this pretty Venus, here making a quick change before she goes out and wows them in the clubs, it's no wonder that the Saratoga night clubs are usually packed to capacity on the hot entertainment scene. That's one of the bigging Broadway headlines, but when the racing season starts she doesn't forget the Great White Way for Saratoga's Lake Shore Club.



The entertainment begins and continues throughout until three o'clock. Once the music for a fascinating gambling act, *Entourage*, seems to have toned down its power years. Whatever else has changed, however, the quality of the girls has certainly not deteriorated. Long-legged, lithe and lovely, the girls of show business seem to be the same old world over—gay, glamorous and, also, unsuitable for ordinary guys like us.



#### ANGINA PECTORIS

This dangerous and painful heart ailment has shown remarkable response in the United States to treatment with the drug, pectivate, a nitrate long used in the manufacture of explosives. Drs. Travis Winsor and Patrick Humphreys, of the University of Southern California, recently reported that as few as 54 per cent. of 135 patients with angina pectoris treated by them responded well to pectivate. The only side effects were nausea and mild headache, both responsive to aspirin.

#### TAPESMITHS

According to the Journal of the American Medical Association, streptomycin, used extensively during the war years, as anti-malaria treatment, has been discovered to be particularly efficacious in the treatment of tapeworms. In a test with the drug tapeworms were dislodged of 15 out of 15 patients after one treatment, and in the 11th, when the dose was repeated. A dose of castor oil or Epsom salts before, and two hours after taking the drug completed the treatment satisfactorily.

#### FEELING FEVERISH?

If you are, don't rely completely on your thermometer and assume there is nothing wrong with you because you are showing a "normal" reading of 98.6. Modern medical research tends increasingly to doubt the value of the

little red mark on the thermometer that was formerly accepted unquestioningly as a true guide to health or sickness. Nowadays, it is realized that most people's normal temperatures are something below 98.6 degrees, and that when they reach that mark they are actually suffering from a slight fever. The figure was accepted as the normal one for back as 1866, when the thermometer was a Fahrenheit-like tube about a foot long, and took about 20 minutes to register a steady reading. It is now believed that the normal temperature varies from person to person between 97 and 98.3 degrees. Thus, while one person may be physically fit at 99 degrees, another at the same temperature may be running a four-degree fever.

#### PREVENTING CATARACTS

An American eye specialist, Dr. D. T. Atkinson, recently announced that cataracts, which often come in old age, can be prevented. He believes they are formed because the lens of the eye is undernourished. To combat this, he advocates the consumption of 8-12 glasses of water a day, plenty of green vegetables, one part of milk a day, two eggs and other foods rich in vitamins A and C. On such a diet, Dr. Atkinson was able to prevent cataracts developing fully in 69 patients who had always early signs of their growth.

The Apaches are the most merciless criminals in the world, and their women, depraved characters like the Cobas and Caspas of *Paris*, are just as bad.



## APACHE QUEENS

J. W. HEWING

WE have a lot about American gangs and gangsters, as though this type of crime was solely an American invention, but we seldom hear about the big city gangs of France—the apaches. They come in to being when the American cities were villages and are, and always have been, as violent as to put the American gangs back into the infant class.

In America the gangs usually confine their murderous activities to their own kind—criminals, informers, and the like—but Monsieur l'Apache

will murder any innocent passer-by on the chance he might have a few francs in his pocket.

The apache still thrives in spite of intensive police activity against him—and the police of France are not quite so accessible to graft as the Kefauver Report would indicate in the case in America.

There are two sections of Paris where it is not safe for a tourist to wander after by night or day. They are Belleville and Montmartre.

True, tourist guides sometimes take large parties into certain cafes where

pseudo apaches "put on a show." But this is usually in the daytime.

The real apache, who does not dress anything like the stage apache, usually keeps out of sight by day, unless there is "work" to be done. After dark he ventures out of his sequestered den to congregate with his fellows in the many low dives which cater for his kind.

But let us, in doing, for it is safer that way, pick up a pretty and rather colorfully dressed apache. She takes us from the square on the outskirts of Belleville and down the Rue de Laplace. We ask her to have a coffee-cream, or a cognac fix, and she takes us into a dive.

Our friend points across the smoke-filled, cluttered room. "See that large woman over there—the big blonde? I remember when she fought a duel with knives with a petite little brunette. They were rivals for the attentions of Jules Breton. You may remember him. He was guillotined for the murder of a bank cashier in the Place de Montmartre."

"The woman fought in a cellar and there was a big crowd. All they both wore were short skirts and they carried the usual apache knives—long-handled and short-bladed. It was a great fight, but the brunette was the quicker and more skilful and she disarmed the big blonde by striking her right arm deeply. Then the friends of both girls fought."

She smiles reminiscently and we find difficulty in swallowing our drink.

"You see that Spanish-looking girl. She is known to the apaches as La Petite Green Blanche—the little White Bird. She has lightened the pockets of many young men who wanted to see her. Some now dead, see Madame at the Black Cat handling out cigarettes over there. Those cigarettes contain cocaine, for that

is her business. And there—the little lady in red—is La Rose de Belleville, one of the most dangerous things of the boulevard."

We look round the room, some dancing and shy, some pretty, some plain, some ugly and ferocious.

"Are they never arrested?" we ask.

Our gaudy lounge. "Paris is full of wicked women. We first produced the criminal theorem. Our murderers are some of the most clever in the world, and they will risk some so small they could easily honestly earn twice the amount with half the effort. Most apaches are known by nicknames. The women are not often arrested because they prey mostly on male victims, who would rather say nothing to the police than have the fact brought to light, perhaps before their wives, that they had been with such a woman."

Some of the apache women—the top-knives—are very clever. For many years in the 1890's the Parisian underworld was dominated by a woman known as "The Cobra." There was no beauty about her. She was old, ugly and white-haired, but she had a vast experience, for she had been a criminal since her teens.

She had got too old to engage actively in crime, but she planned many plans for the gangs to carry out. Occasionally she served a sentence in jail. She got five years for the theft of a very valuable diamond necklace, as a manner which baffled the police for a long time.

The necklace had been placed in a small jewel case and left on the dressing-table in one of the bedrooms of a large and fashionable hotel. Windows and doors were locked, so it would seem, the doors were safe enough—but not from The Cobra. One of her gang was working in with one of the servants in the hotel. He informed the

Queen of Crime exactly where the evidence was. And gave her other details, such as there being a vault later built over the champagne-cellar. The vault-door gave on to the roof.

The Cobra got on the roof and levered a powerful magnet through the ventilator shaft—the ventilator plate had been removed. The magnet gripped the steel lock of the jewel case and it was drawn up the ventilator shaft. The Cobra opened the case, attracted the necklace, drew the jewel case back on the champagne-cellar and replaced the ventilator plate. No wonder the police were puzzled. She was caught later through the kind affairs of an assassin.

Apache women are often gang-leaders, because the French criminal has a superstition that a female leader means luck and success. There was one remarkable woman who reigned as indisputable queen of the apaches in 1933. She was known as "Cocque d'Or," because of her beautiful red-gold hair.

Cocque d'Or behaved like a queen. She held "Cocque," at which the leaders of the various apache gangs attended and rendered an account of their doings—and also paid her a percentage of their take. This was not because they liked the colour of her hair. It was "insurance." Her Cocque d'Or ran an insurance company for criminals.

For the fee they had paid she would hide them when the cops are out on the hunt, or she would pay for their defence if they were arrested. And, if the defence failed and they went into retirement in a prison, Cocque d'Or saw that their girls were allowed a sum sufficient to keep them in the style to which they had been accustomed.

Then a young detective named Lepoutre presented a plan to the Paris

Survee. It was a desperate plan, which might end in promotion but would more likely end in death. It ended in promotion, for he later became Chief Inspector of the Mar-seilles Survee.

He actually became an apache. He joined a gang and helped with several crimes. He at last got an introduction to the Head of Gold, and he pitched head. She was arrested. A woman of vivacity, she liked her life to be full and interesting, and soon he was her lover.

She told him all her secrets—not about her love affairs, but regarding her business, and he was more interested in those. His soon had enough concrete evidence to get her into prison, but he would have to get her into the dock first, and that wasn't going to be easy.

Cocque d'Or was no fool. She lived in the heart of the underworld in Belleville, and she was strongly entrenched and guarded. Even a police raid would have been difficult to effect her arrest, because she would have been well warned long before the police could reach her. Not only that, but, with the assistance of youth, Lepoutre wanted to carry out that arrest alone.

So he had to do some fine work. She never went out of her kingdom of Belleville. Lepoutre began by telling her she should see more of the beauties of Paris. It was spring and the crocuses were in bloom; a drive in the moonlight along the Bois would be romantic; they would be ecstatic lovers.

At last, her eyes dancing, her jewelled fingers clasped in the hand of her young lover, she assented. Lepoutre went out and got a taxi—a taxi which had been waiting for some time in readiness. The young detective placed his "loved one" in the car and climbed in beside her.

It sped drove from the boulevards of Belleville towards the Bois de Boulogne.

Ah, romance! Spring! Lepoutre got his arm round the Cocque d'Or, and she assented close. The arm which had secured her arrest suddenly his other hand came rear and a handkerchief snapped over that arm. Romance was shattered on the instant.

She fought like a wild she-cat, Lepoutre got the other cuff on. She yelled to the taxi-driver, but he took no notice, for he was very busy packing on all speed for the back entrance to the Survee. Lepoutre was very glad when they reached there. He blew his whistle and soon the hansom driver was in the hands of many men.

Lepoutre's greatest happiness was not shared by his co-mutineer. She was charged with being a rebellious and with being concerned in many other crimes. The judge handed her ten years at a house not to mix pleasure with business.

The apache underworld of Belleville was enraged at the loss of its insurance company. The gangs made plans to free their queen and kill Lepoutre.

To prevent such events, a strong and vigilant guard was constantly placed over the Cocque d'Or, while Lepoutre was transferred to Mar-seilles and promoted to Inspector. As the apaches, both male and female, is one of the few criminal types who seldom wavered, but stays put in the one district from birth to death, such a change was a protection for the young detective.

Cocque d'Or never returned to her Belleville. Whether did she serve all her sentence. The atmosphere of prison was not congenial to her health, and

she died within the grey walls.

But before she died a famous artist wished to paint her portrait, for she was a beautiful woman as well as a clever and infamous one. He secured permission from the authorities and his request was graciously received by the Queen of the Apaches. She was nothing if not graceful, and she loved sitting for her portrait. It is a big canvas and now hangs in the Paris Prefecture of Police.



Ferdine Bonaparte's passionate desires and infidelity made her the hate of brother Napoleon.



B. K. LANE

## the Courtesan Princess

THE young widow, her eyes tear-filled, approached the coffin in which her dead husband awaited burial. In her hands, she carried two long, shining locks of the hair that had crowned her beauty.

"Bury it with him," she whispered.

Then, Pauline Leclerc, born Bonaparte, paid her last tribute to the man whom she had accompanied to Haiti in his expedition to put down a ruler inspired by the rebel, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

At Haiti, General Leclerc and his

wife had become victims of yellow fever; and the young wife had brought his body back to France for burial.

Napoleon knew his sister. It had been one of Pauline that she had the manners of a kitten and the morals of a cat.

She had not wanted to go to Haiti in the first place. She had, in fact, been carried, on Napoleon's orders, on board the ship, the while screaming threats to the grenadiers who bore her.

But with the decision to go with her husband forced on her, she had consented to make the temporary exile less boring by assuming that a former lover was included in the expedition.

Yet, of all Napoleon's four brothers and three sisters, Pauline was the only one who repaid his loyalty with loyalty—one redeeming feature in a life that was devoted completely to self-indulgence and indulgence. Beautiful, vivacious and empty-headed, she nevertheless was the only relative to visit Napoleon at Elba. On his escape, she presented him with her fabulous diamonds, so that he could continue his war against England.

When Pauline Bonaparte came to Marseilles from Combe, she was thirty-two years of age, but already mature enough to receive male attention. She was still little more than a child when she met and loved France, a Commissioner of the Convention. To France she wrote: "I love you always and most passionately. I love you for ever, my beautiful idol, my heart . . . and I swear never to love anyone else."

A few months later, she was writing as passionately to Michel Junot and others.

As Napoleon progressed to Paris, Pauline and her sisters developed their love of frivolity. A man who later became one of her brother's generals has told how, with the sister, he and a friend formed an anticlerical theatrical group.

"They used literally to dress up," he wrote. "We used to stay in the girls' rooms all the time when they were dressing."

The atmosphere in which Pauline was growing to adulthood obviously worried the Emperor. When he suggested to General Murmurat that the latter should marry his sister, the General rejected the proposal as tactically impossible.

"I knew she is charming and exquisitely beautiful," he said. "Yet I have dreams of domestic happiness, of fidelity and of virtue. Such dreams I know, are seldom realized, but . . ." and Murmurat's voice died away in an embarrassed silence.

Then, at seventeen, Pauline had caused a reputation that made high-minded men wary of her. Finally, Napoleon turned her off to Leclerc, and Leclerc carried her off to Haiti.

Her stay was more agreeable than she had anticipated, for she was required now to make no when concessions to conventions. When she returned to France, not even the man who owned Europe could restrain her. Even while wearing mourning, her salon was the rendezvous of the ambitions and the arrogant.

Napoleon, shocked, looked around for another husband. He found one in Camille Balthus, an Italian prince who had already been well favored by Pauline. Immensely rich, the prince was opportunistic enough to realize that marriage to a Bonaparte could have certain advantages; and Pauline in turn possessed a due reverence for the advantages of wealth. As a married courtesan, she saw infinite possibilities for successful adventure.

Intensely jealous of her sister-in-law, Josephine, she looked at the fabulous Bonaparte game and saw an opportunity to outshine Napoleon's Empress splendor. So, when she was summoned to wait at court, she donned the gown against a background of a green velvet drap. Then, a noble, jewel-encrusted, she went to the Palace.

Josephine, however, had had her drawing room re-decorated in a blue that clashed violently with Pauline's dress. The house was no pretentious. By contrast, Pauline appeared merely vulgar.

Pauline neither forgot about the incident nor forgive Josephine. When Napoleon divorced his Empress, Pauline made no secret of her joy; yet she hated Josephine's successor, Marie Louise with no greater respect.

Her husband grew less forbearing with the years — and Pauline gave no reason to be critical. She maintained a constant string of lovers and earned out her infidelities quite openly.

She posed nude to the hips for a famous statue by Canova, and the great sculptor is reported to have said that, with such a model, statues could be made by Jouvassaint.

She startled Paris by showing a huge statue to bathers for every morning — and when a friend suggested the advisability of it, compelled the statue to marry someone immediately, so that he might carry out his duties with propriety.

Her bathing complete, a naked page boy, painted gold, sprayed her with scents as she sat in front of her mirror completing her toilette and holding court. She surrounded herself with giant Negro servants and dowered to provide comfort.

Pauline's beauty at thirty was untold. As one contemporary writer said: "She was a woman to the tips of her rosy fingertips . . . of medium height, with a wonderful rosy complexion, brilliant eyes, dark hair, a Grecian profile, and such a perfectly formed body that she was the perfect choice for Canova's famous statue of Venus."

When her husband let her, she was able to abandon herself completely. Yet, in spite of her amoral instincts, her sternest critics conceded that no one in France gave Napoleon greater loyalty than Pauline.

He made one brother, Joseph, King of Spain and Joseph turned against him; he made another, Jerome, King

of Westphalia and Jerome discredited his name; he placed a third brother, Louis, upon the throne of Holland and the latter intrigued against France, while the fourth brother, Lucien, married a woman of doubtful virtue and fled to the protection of Napoleon's greatest enemies, the English.

The Emperor made his sister Elise a princess in her own right and gave her the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. Caroline, another sister, became Queen of Naples. And both betrayed him when his need was greatest.

Pauline, however, recognized her debt to her brother and repaid it with gratitude. Of them all, he was fonder of this woman who was such a perfect physical beauty.

When he was exiled at Elba, Marie Louise returned to Vienna to be consorted by the Court von Metternich, his brothers covertly continued to betray him; but Pauline went to Elba.

To assist his campaign of 1815, she gave him the greater part of her fortune, including the Bosphorus diamonds, which he was carrying when he was recaptured.

When he was imprisoned at St. Helena, she would probably have gone with him but for the fact that she was ill. But she did try to sell her remaining jewels in order to help.

Pauline did not long survive her famous brother. At 61, she knew she was dying and sent for Prince Berghese to effect a reconciliation. Then, she asked her maid for a mirror, into which she gazed with eyes as close to long sleep, yet nonetheless critical. When she put down the mirror, there was no face in there.

"I am not about to die," she said. "For I am still beautiful."

It was a brave challenge to her recent adventure — death. And she died the same night.



"I used to go out with her down below . . . she was good, but not *THAT* good!"





PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.A.

## planned in TWO SECTIONS

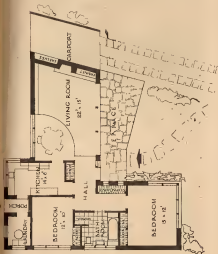
CAVALADE offers a further suggestion for a two bedroom house; our statistics show that more homes of this size are erected than any other.

The basis of the plan is two wings, which effectively separate the daytime or living quarters from the sleeping section of the house. The large living room includes a section for dining, which is raised one step above the general floor level. Full length plate glass windows open from the living room on to a screened paved terrace, whilst the dining section has

large windows overlooking the rear garden.

The bathroom is placed in a convenient position between the two bedrooms, each of which has its own built-in wardrobe. The kitchen is completely equipped in the modern manner, and a feature of the plan is the roomy linen and coal cupboards which open from the entrance hall.

The minimum footage required to accommodate this house is 58 feet, and the overall area, including the carpet, is 1430 square feet.



# TOM THUMB DICTATOR



Dollfuss, Dictator of Austria, butchered 1800 of his countrymen. But he, in turn, was assassinated by a bigger Dictator.

A. GOODWIN

FROM the noke of his paddocks to the top of his stout helmet, Ernst-karl Dollfuss measured four feet eight inches. His friends called him the Little Giant, his enemies the "Tom Thumb Dictator."

He had plenty of both. Few men have ever inspired so much devoted affection and bitter hatred as this tiny, misshapen, diaphanous personage was with the crackling button-eyes, hoarse voice and morosely stowed muscles.

Dollfuss was probably the only statesman who rose to power not in

noke of his ridiculous figure—but because of it. It was the best of three-marks of jakes, and, together with his vitriolous charm, enabled him to win prominence first in the popular press by which a pulsation of normal build would have had to wait three times as long.

In a brief, violent career of 12 years, the poverty-stricken Austrian village boy became Europe's pocket "Führer," coldly butchered some 1,800 of his countrymen, bowed the cowering, superior war machine of Hitler Germany and finally

snapped his last breath with two assassin's bullets in his throat.

Nobody would have prophesied a brilliant future for little Engelbert when he was born in the Lower Austrian village of Teessing in 1882. As "love child" of a semi-diluvian peasant, Dollfuss' descent to the rich, grim and conservative Austrian Emperor was strictly limited.

But the bow-legged, diminutive farm boy with the over-sized head was a dynamo of energy. While still in his teens, he got-crushed local politics by joining the so-called Christian Socialist Party.

Young Dollfuss threw himself heart and soul into the cause. He soon became the star organizer of his district. Engelbert seemed to have reached the peak of his life when the party paid for his studies, first at the Vienna than at Berlin universities. He returned bearing the proud title of Dr. Dollfuss.

The outbreak of World War I interrupted his political career. Dollfuss was below regulation height, but he managed to wrangle himself into the crack *Kaiserjäger* Regiment. He was a lieutenant when he returned to his defeated, hunger-ridden homeland.

The mighty Austrian Empire was no more. The peace treaty had changed the prosperous monarchy of 52 million people into a tiny, impoverished, utterly bankrupt republic of less than seven million.

The Kaiser had fled into exile, aristocrats and courtiers were selling their family heirlooms for the price of a meal. Thousands of war-widows begging for alms at every street corner turned poor-guy Vienna into a nightmare city.

The little underdog obtained a position as secretary in the Lower Austrian Chamber of Agriculture. Within a short time he was appointed director.

Dollfuss' reputation within his party rose sky-high after he took over the management of the poorly defunct State Railways and completely overhauled the transport service.

In January, 1932, he entered cabinet as Minister for Agriculture. Three months later, the eternally dead-legged Parliament forced the corrupt Chancellor Prince Stenhammer to resign and Dollfuss took his place.

By now the Austrian Republic resembled a powder keg with the fuse burning. Since 1918, the political parties had kept up well-documented and unbroken private armies. Against the Catholic *Heimwehr* ("Home Defense"), stood the Socialist *Schutzbund* ("Protection Corps") swelled from among the more militant trade unions.

Of late a third force had entered the arena—Hitler's brown-shirted Storm Troopers.

The elections of April, 1932, brought the usual stalemate. The Christian Socialists appeared in with a tiny majority, but the industrial workers of Vienna voted solidly Social Democrats.

Dollfuss found himself ruling the country from a capital that loathed him, run by a "Red" city council that had only the welcome of the working classes at heart.

Hitler's rise to power in 1933 found Dollfuss in a desperate position. He knew that the ex-hunter painter was planning the conquest of his country. Without outside help tiny Austria was lost. Dollfuss turned to the one man he thought could offer protection: Benito Mussolini.

In a secret conference with Dollfuss, Mussolini stated his terms: abolition of Austrian democracy, the smashing of the Socialists and the re-annexation of Austria as a Federal State under the Italian pattern. Dollfuss agreed.

A GIRL just starting work as a journalist was getting a lecture from her editor because of certain descriptions which had appeared in a news story she had written. "Remember," he said, "I was Joseph Pulitzer who declared that economy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman." The girl replied: "That is Nazi is not entirely accurate. A newspaper can always print a retraction."

Dollfus countered by providing several law firms simultaneously. 1939 November man, backed by strong detachments of army and police, went into action against the Socialists.

During their time in power, the Socialists had built a string of huge, ultra-modern apartment blocks in Vienna's industrial suburbs, providing high-standard cheap living quarters for working class families.

Hitler's troops tried to storm these tenements in mass assaults, but were driven back by heavy rifle fire from the roofs.

Early next morning the army brought heavy howitzers, field guns and trench mortars into position. At point blank range the shells crashed into the tenement-park apartment blocks, sending up fountains of steel, rubble and human limbs.

In every major Austrian city—Vienna, Graz, Linz and Innsbruck, the workers fought desperately.

But their rifles and machine-guns head-on assaults were useless against the artillery, machine guns and concentrated fire of the regular army. On February 15 the last of the battered townspeople surrendered. Austria's devastation lay the bodies of some 2500 men, women and children.

The Austrian Nazis had stood by passively while Dollfus crushed the Socialists. Now Hitler feared that protected by Munich, Austria would be able to maintain her independence. He gave the signal for revolt.

On the morning of July 25, heavily armed squads of Storm Troopers occupied the Vienna radio station. With a gun in his back, the announcer was forced to broadcast a false message that the government had resigned.

At the same time, the Chancellor Palace received a telephone warning that the Nazis were planning an attack on Dollfus. But Hitler's Fifth Column was working over there. The

warning was never passed on; the line wires remained open.

At 1230 p.m., four motor lorries filled with 164 Storm Troopers dressed in regular army uniforms, roared through the entrance.

The palace guards, whose rifles were not even loaded, were overpowered within a minute. Dollfus in his office heard the thundering footsteps outside and rushed to a secret door behind a screen. As that moment a squad of rebels, headed by an ex-army sergeant named Planetta, burst into the room.

Dollfus raised his arm, and Planetta, without a word, fired two shots into his body. The little Chancellor collapsed on the carpet.

In the meantime the rebels in the

radio station had surrendered after police reinforcements took the place with bullets. The Chancellor Palace was completely surrounded by troops, who were about to storm the building as long as Dollfus was thought to be alive.

Negotiations dragged on until evening; then the Nazis came out with their hands up. Their rebellion had failed.

The assassin Planetta and six other Storm Troop leaders were sentenced to death and hanged on July 26.

Four years later, when Munich's apostates had changed, Hitler's old-guard hordes occupied Austria without firing a shot. Their first act was to condemn publicly the murderer of the little Chancellor who had sworn no war and rescued the hurricane.

On March 15, 1938, the last session of the Vienna Parliament was interrupted by 800 armed policemen. Deputies were hustled out into the street, where they faced waves of beretted men extravagantly garbed by heavily armed, steel helmeted troops.

For six months the country existed without a definite form of government. Then, on September 12, Dollfus staged a dramatic rally of his supporters on the Vienna market square, amid the thundering cheers of 100,000 green-shirted party members. The little Chancellor mounted the platform. He declared with all his might: "Our Capitalist-Liberal economy has gone. I hereby announce the death of Parliament!"

The following day the Chancellor personally took over the ministries of War, Police and Government, Foreign Affairs and Agriculture. Europe's "jockey puncher" was born.

On February 25, 1938, the Austrian Socialists announced a general strike.

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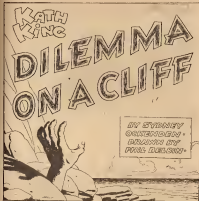
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BY ETHEL  
SCHNEIDER  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
PAUL BROWN

KATH KING TAKES A DAY  
OFF TO SWIM IN THE SEA  
AND FINDS A BOY IN AN  
ISOLATED PATCH OF  
COASTLINE



KATH'S CASE, AT THE TOP  
OF THE CLIFF, IS SOON  
BY A COUPLE OF BOY  
CHARACTERS





LED SHOCK, STUNNED BY THE FALL, LIES STILL FOR A MOMENT. KATH RUNS CLOSELY PURSUED BY JOE.



— HE'LL CATCH ME—UNLESS—



KATH REALIZES SHE CAN'T KEEP HER ADVANTAGE AND MAKES A BEERIE FOR A STEEP CLIFF. KATH LEADING DOWN SHE HAS BEEN DOWN HERE, KNOWS SHE MAY FIND A HIDE-PLACE.



REFUSE.



DOWN AFTER HER, BOY SHE'S DOWN THERE.

NEVER WE GET BELOW WE SEE TUMBLER ROCKS DOWN.



LET DOWN AND SEARCH—I'LL STAY HERE AND WATCH.



SO JOE, FEARFUL OF FALLING ROCKS, BEGINS HIS DANGEROUS SEARCH FOR KATH.



WHERE'S YOUR TIGHT FRIEND, I WONDER? AND WILL YOU TALK FOR THIS?



BY THROWING A PEBBLE WELL AWAY, KATH HOPES TO LURE JOE BELIEVE SHE IS IN A DIFFERENT POSITION.



...AND JOE FALLS FOR KATH'S TRICKERY.



TAKING A SHOT FROM UP A BIG BOUNDER, JOE TRIES TO PRESS IT HOME SO THAT IT WILL FALL ACROSS THE FATH, SINKING KATH'S RETURN.



KATH, HINGING IN A POCKET BETWEEN TWO BIG BOULDERS HEARS A NOISE AND PEERS OUT.



... THE MAN STARTED CRYING. HE CAN'T STOP. THE LOOSENED BOLDER BEGINS A RANDBLIDE. Continued on page 12



— AND TRYING TO DOODGE CLIPS OF THE FALLING ROCKS. HE LOSTS HIS BALANCE AND IS SWIFT AWAY. Continued on page 12



HORRIFIED BY THE RATE THAT HAS OVERTAKEN HER, KATH TAKES STOCK OF HER OWN POSITION.



KATH, APPARENTLY A PRISONER IN THE CAVERN FORMED BY THE FALLING ROCKS, HAS A NARROW ESCAPE. SHE EXPLORES FOR A WAY OUT.



THIS SEEMS TO LEAD SOMEWHERE.



KATH COMES OUT OF HER PRISON. ONLY TO FIND A SHEER DROP OF HUNDREDS OF FEET TO THE ROCKS AND SEA BELOW.



FROM HER TERRIBLE LOOK-UP KATH SEES TWO FISH-BOAT MEN ON THE BEACH OF THE CAVERN — BUT THEY CAN'T SEE HER.



HOW CAN I SIGNAL THEM—



THINKING SHE MUST HAVE A SIGNAL FLAME BY TAPPING UP HER SMOKE, KATH GETS TO WORK WITH A CIGARETTE LIGHTER.



KATH, HAVING BURNED THE SMOKE OF HER SMOKE FLAME, AND THOUGH IT DOES NOT BURN WELL, IT SEEMS A CLOUD OF SMOKE INTO THE AIR WHICH MAY ATTRACT ATTENTION. Continued on page 12



HEARTENED TO SEE A SMALL STEAMER COMING NEARBY, KATH PERSISTS WITH HER SIGNALS. ....



AS KATH'S SMOKE GOES UP IN FLAMES IT APPEARS TO BE ABOUT THE LAST SIGNAL SHE CAN AFFORD TO BURN. ....



THROUGH GLASSES WE  
SAW THE POLICE  
REAR FOR THE LITTLE  
FISHES BEARING DOWN  
ON THE SCUBA  
BOOBS ABOVE.

THE SCUBA ARE ON TO  
THE SCUBA

THE SCOPES ARE ON TO THE SCOPES

THUNDERBOLTS ALARMED  
AND SCREAMED. THERE TO  
WAS, THERE WAS HIS  
FATHER! AND HE COULD  
NOT GET AWAY FROM  
HIM! SCREAMING AGAIN, THE  
STEEL BIRD HE CAME  
TO REST.

— AND FOUND A BEAM  
WANTED — SHE WENT INTO  
WAS HERE PRECISELY  
THE FACT THAT SHE  
THINKED — AND  
BY WORKING IT OUT



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These are the only symptoms of rheumatism which can be cured.



Other symptoms of rheumatism, such as stiffness of the joints, may be relieved by the cream. The cream is applied to the joints, and the cream is applied to the joints, and the cream is applied to the joints.

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## MURDER TO MUSIC

C. MENTIFLAT • FICTION



HE passed in the doorway, listening. The race, riding down the alleyway in a line, sped, penetrated between darkened latrines and upturned coat racks. He shivered, not from the harder touch of rain-frost on his neck, but from the music he was hearing.

Beyond the door a trumpet sang. The second was raised, throbbing, rich with a broken richness of notes and half-softened meanings. The theme was a well-known melody, with variations, and behind the trumpet an orchestra was moving in gentle support, like a well-trained chorus, following but not intruding on the principal.

The listener looked down for him in that moment he heard within nobody near supporting instruments. To him that smooth, effortless melody was a signature, a secret melody.

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across the dripping dish—the hand-writing of a man he had to men. He shifted the two instrument cases under his arm and opened the door.

In the dim afternoon light the Marlene Club was cheap and dingy and somehow naked—a queen of the night with her make-up off and her stockings sagging. Clarence moved in the shadows, sweeping away the debris in heaps of moist seaweed, mopping at tables and straightening chairs.

Only inside the pink-curtain shop of the architect's platform were the lights at full brilliance—but they shone on dull-brass plates, scratched instruments, and round stands bare of their pink-and-gold trap-plates.

"Well, we've got to do better than that!" Big Al Merson roared. "Look, Curly—that's no license stick—that's really a cleaver! I know it's not your poison, but for the love Pete give it a go, man. We've gotta have—" "You can use a cleaver!"

The voice came from the new-darkness. Big Al wheeled, his glided torso poised in mid-pounce, peering like a short-sighted vulture.

"We can use a player, Ben—news sure travels fast around here. And who are you?"

The man who had been listening stepped out of the gloom. He was a tall, slim fellow with pale blue eyes and a mouth which might have been pleasantly mobile before the lines of bitterness had drawn its corners.

"Marlene's name," he said. "Dave Morton. Heard your best reel-man ran out on you. It's kind of wet on the street corner this time of the year, and the theatre quack aren't as charitable as they were."

"Okay," he said vaguely. "Move in up there. Curly, your 'Theatre horizons' act is over, and you can

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you'll find a decent job waiting. I'll see you on the train."

By the time Reg's train pulled out, the early darkness was closing in. Gloria was walking with Dave on pavements that echoed to her steps alone. He heard Bob's voice: "You remind me of somebody—some of Johnny's women."

The Gates family were transients. It was a ready-made party caught from old Sal Gates, whose sons were sweet and sunny and straight from Brooklyn. They made marks, together and separately, from the time each one learned to lip a trumpet, and the wild, broken notes filled the shabby street. Then Sal passed on, and the war took Tom and Albert, and a quiet was left.

The dead man Dave and Johnny, ten years apart in age, and something less than that in ability. There was time for a lot of playing together, and a lot of love worship by Johnny, before Dave got his chance. And then, in two years, Dave had become Dave Martin Gates, solo trumpeter with a highest world-touring band, the greatest success the family had ever known.

Dave was 35 when he arrived back home that fateful night. It was a surprise visit, a big chance for young Johnny, a bright, gleaming future for the pair of them. Only Johnny wasn't home. Mum, tremulous with welcome, said something about the jazz season. Johnny had been attending lately. New men in town—a fellow Moroccan, and a trumpeter called Clayton. New things in music, they talked about—modern interpretation, rhythm, experimental stuff. They made her head ache.

Dave laughed at her, told her that was how music grew. It was handy stuff, and it fermented and boiled and bubbled into something new. Jazz season was the thing for Johnny,

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and for himself. He looked his trumpet case under one arm and looked for the address she gave him.

The street was dark, but there was music in it—bouncing music. It came from two trumpets, two delicate metal threads of sound, looking and intertwining, reaching towards the sky. Other sounds there were—some drums, a violin or two, saxophones, a clarinet, the deep plinking of a double bass—but the trumpets were kings. He could separate them easily, the one muted and rich, with an easy mastery; the other amphetamine, sharper in tone, daringly attacking the impossible, conquering, and soaring off to find new horizons. The second one was Johnny.

He stumbled in the darkness, trying to find the entrance. In that time the trumpets stopped, and a tenor sax moved in to take the lead. He was glad of that. There was something sure and forbidding about that conflict of wills, something with a threat in it. He gave up trying to find the front door, and let the sax guide him through a narrow little backway to where a long creek of light showed.

The door opened under his hand. The dark passageway widened to reveal of velvet which sent the far door clattering against its lock.

His feet struck something soft and yielding. He came down awkwardly on hands and knees, the trumpet on his nose clattering before him. He groped at the obstruction. His right hand touched flesh, the fingers slipping into the open cavity of a mouth. He groined, praying desperately for silence. The flesh was warm, hot above the mouth, up near the temple, was moisture and an opening—

The shadows loomed above him. The half-open door tossed the darkness to purple twilight. Above him he saw a swinging arm, rattlebones with the weapon it held. Then night and

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sional exploded together into nothingness.

It was a long time before Dave was capable of thought and movement again. When his shattered skull had healed, and it was apparent that he would survive with his memory, they told him what he already knew—that the body had been Johnny's, that unfortunate youngster had failed to disclose the identity of the slayer or a motive for the crime, and that the case was victoriously closed.

That was the beginning. Starting on a road already six months old, he had sought the answer. It was something Dave Martin Galtier had no chance of finding, something that had to be learned on piecemeal in the byways and the back alleys and the cheap night joints where players strolled, as usual, or waited for the break that never came.

The results were never spectacular. It was a matter of finding and questioning the men who had been with Johnny that night. It took a lot to make these talk—sometimes money, sometimes a helping hand, sometimes a workover over with Dave's useful fists. And finally, the things he had won of value only to himself—the names of Big Al, and Bobo, and Carly, and the trumpeter, Vern Clayton, as among those present on the last night. And still there was no clue to the murderer, and no motive.

But was that quite right? Couldn't he have it that night when the two trumpets sang together? Is the darkness he got on a park bench and opened the trumpet case across his knees. His fingers touched the cold metal, remembering. This trumpet had a voice, and perhaps it would tell him one day beyond doubt. It was Johnny's trumpet.

He played that night with the band, and every night for the following

three weeks. Big Al was pleased. The "Musicman" was a smooth, likely combination, and Dave had become one of them. His work on the circuit was painstaking, never brilliant, but polished enough to fit into the pattern. And he was getting to know the players—all except the strikers, those young fellows who was Vern Clayton.

And Bobo Clancy gave him the Johnny Galtier story, without adding anything much to his knowledge. It was as if Bobo of some longed and feared to talk about it. Murder had passed close to Bobo, brushing him with its wings, leaving him puzzled, uneasy and paranoid.

"Big Al discovered Johnny, see?" he said. "He was figuring a way to use Johnny and Vern, but as show he could put together would be big enough to put 'em both. Vern knew he was on the outer, see?"

"You trying to put it on me again?" Vern's voice was soft, but there was malice in his eyes. "You know I was interviewed like all the rest, and showed. Why don't you pipe down, Bobo?"

The fat man shrugged. "Sorry. It's only that Dave here keeps reminding me of Johnny."

"How?" Johnny was shorter, plumper, younger. He was a bright kid—a practical joker, always swinging the words in the funniest staff. Remember the time he flunked A's whilst on my pocket? A funny man. Personally, I can do without him."

"I've changed his name short and we'll never. Bobo peered after him, and wonder in his mind open.

"Now that's something I'd forgotten. Johnny was a practical joker—like a playful puppy, sometimes being harder than he knew. That got nearly got Vern fired. Wonder who he hit that last night?"

Near the end of the three weeks

Dave made one or two discovery. On the floor behind the paper-mache screen of the round-shell he noticed a small hexagonal piece of prize-prize paper. He had seen papers like this before, and knew very well what they stood for. There was just a chance that this one might help him. It meant that one of the "Musicman" had the snuffing habit—certainly.

Then Big Al dropped his bombshell. "Well, boys, we've had a good run, and we're moving on to better things—see last, some of us are. I've got a fat contract right here for the Tangle Hotel, out on the Harvey Road. Unfortunately, we're too heavy for the job, so some of you have to go. It's bad news. I'm afraid, for Blue Gordon, Leroy Sales, Dave Martin—"

Dave hardly noticed the celebration getting under way around him. This was the end of it, the one thing he had been dreading. They knew his time now, and he might never be able to catch up with them again. Three weeks with them, and he was no measurable distance ahead—and Johnny's trumpet, still in his case beside him, had not yet spoken.

"Clear up," Bobo shouted. "Good good-men like you won't be out too long. By using instruments like me and the baritone."

Dave forced a grin and looked around him. The drinks were coming up, with the compliments of the house. The boys were chattering their blue monkey-jackets and clanking in around the piano. Vern Clayton's trumpet moved in over Carly's sax, and Bobo was using his brush on the drums. Oh, yes—the Musicman! These were always four of them.

He went down to the smelter's room. It was dark and empty, and he was not sure what he was looking for. He saw his fingers quickly over the hanging clothes, hoping his search would reveal something the owner

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would want to have done lately, but would not be quite enough to worry in his smoking-jacket. It was fully ten minutes before he found it. He slipped the fat package under a worn piece of carpet and hurried out again. It was not until he had reached the board-shed that he realized he had not checked the ownership of that packet. Then he told himself it did not matter—he knew his men, and before this matter was out everyone would know him.

He took his cigarette and joined the party. The boys were improvising now, sitting over on a jag of grass some and smoked heavily. He played with them—the tall red-head who was Dave Martin, the street corner player in his last session with the band. Max Al joined the group, took over the place. Vern Clayton faded out for a few minutes, then returned. Curly and Babe divided their time between their instruments and the smoking part. The Musketeers—and would they be all for one and one for all?

It was time. He coiled the cigarette and drew out Johnny's trumpet. It was sweet and cool in his hands—too long away. He broke in at the low spot as they drifted into "Deep Night" went talking easily through the opening stages.

And then he wasn't hearing any of them. He was following a metal sheet of sound from the long-distant past, following it with the brilliance that was Dave Martin's genius. And, being so, he was also Johnny Green, the Johnny Green; they remembered—the Musketeers, innocent and gaily staid. The trumpet was the rippled surface of a midnight pool, full of clapping weeds and the drifting hair of a dreamt maiden.

They were listening now. The piano was silent, and Curly's and Babe sat quietly at the drums, his

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ineffective scheme. Big Al had stopped out sometime, he did not know when.

Then there were two trumpets. Vern Clayton was with him, his eyes set on distance, his notes muted and rich, swamped in their effusive resonance. Dave was back again on that alleyway, through two years of time, listening to the tolls of the trumpets.

And immediately Vern Clayton said: "To hell with you, you upstart, you Johnny-come-lately. Make way for a trumpet!"

And now Dave followed him, matched him, threw down his brother's challenge. He poured through a rifle, broke in a cascade of notes. "This was the man? This was the saint?" He hid in force here now, to break him before there'd be. And strangely, the fellow had had a hand in his own undoing. This was an almost perfect reconstruction of the circumstances of that ten-year-old crime!

They played on. Dave began to reproduce Johnny's manueuvres. It wasn't hard, for many of them were his own, passed down from old Dad. He watched that attentive face in profile, willing him to break down, to show some sign that when the hooded eyes flickered his way there was nothing in them but a sort of dark excitement.

All but they stopped together. The bitterness of his failure seized Dave and shook him so that his trumpet clattered against the threshold marooned of the case. He spared the aspirin, the muttered "Johnny! Johnny?" of Bobo Chancy. Rising steadily, he made for the window room—far anywhere out of this place of lights and gasping faces.

The passageway was long and dark. Something had happened to the single naked light bulb, which usually d-

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harshened it. His footsteps thudded softly on the carpet.

He went caught a break in the rhythm. He pressed. The footsteps came on, padding hastily. A shadowy figure was before him, a strange, disconcerted thing. He propped and went down on one knee, feeling the hollow grace along his once-rounded head.

Words spat at him in the darkness. "You little scound!" You've done it again—stolen my dog. And I'll kill you again for it, if you have a damn liver!"

He caught the man as it came down. His right fist was swinging now, thudding into Bob's. The hot breath of his assailant was in his face. He smashed at it, felt the skin of his knuckles split on teeth. They were on the floor now, and he was using his knees to hit, in a fierce confusion.

Then it was over. Lights flashed, and hands pulled the two apart. On the floor lay a big Dane, now a bleeding, whimpering figure, still fighting to get at his throat. It was Big Al Monson.

"Hello and I guessed what you were after," Vern Clayton said a little later. "You didn't really believe nobody knew there was another Ganes, did you, Dave?" We've been looking for him ourselves for two years, but got nowhere, until your idea of a reconstruction. I caught him in time, and tagged him."

"And there was the motive, plain enough," Bobo cut in. "Johnny found out that Big Al needed cocaine to keep going in the late shows. He had it at a pig, and Big Al killed him. Slopeheads are like that."

"I suppose so." Dave was suddenly tired. "Better catch some sleep now. And, oh, Vern—that business to-night. There's something good we can work out-together."

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# Talking Points

## REBELLION

Turn to page 11 for one of the most unusual revolts in history. When the English population revolted against landowners, Robert Kier, himself a landowner, not only joined them but led them in what began as a bloodless revolution of reprisal, and ended in a bloodbath. Leo Kelly tells the story.

## BUMBLANGERS

Well known writer, Drew McLeod, tells of the Australian bushangars who seem to die with guns in their hands. Few struck by the code, but Fred Lowry did when police cornered him in an hotel. This true story is on page 14.

## GHOSTLY

On page 15 is a story for those people who believe in the supernatural. The sceptics will be convinced after they read *The Ghost Who Wrote Decker*, because this is a true story. The ghost books became best-sellers.

## DECEPTION

There have been many deceptions in history, and on page 16 you will read Jack Goddard's story of Emperor Delfino, the Yum-Tsang Emperor of

Austria. Although only 1941 also Delfino became quite a force—until a bigger character in Adolph Hitler had him exterminated.

## NEXT MONTH

Next issue of *Cavalcade* features the first of a new series—*Scary Stories of the Silver Screen*. The first scary story is *Marilyn Monroe*. Can You Die And Still Live is a true article about suspended animation. It tells of people who have been pronounced dead and have been buried, but have only been in a trance. S. G. Elmer writes of the *Bojangles*, the religious sect who sang, danced and burnt their own houses. Look for *Naked and Unashamed In Battle* in the Dark, J. W. Herring tells of the French police who took unusual measures to catch the murderer of a politician. What do you know of the history of the playing card? Do you know how many cards always separate coats from their owners? Read *The Devil's Picture Books*. Boxing fans will look forward to the story of *Blackie Goodwin*, The Champion of Trouble, written by well-known boxing writer Ray Mitchell. Finally you must not miss the thrilling fiction story, *Lifeline*, by Denis Brennan.



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